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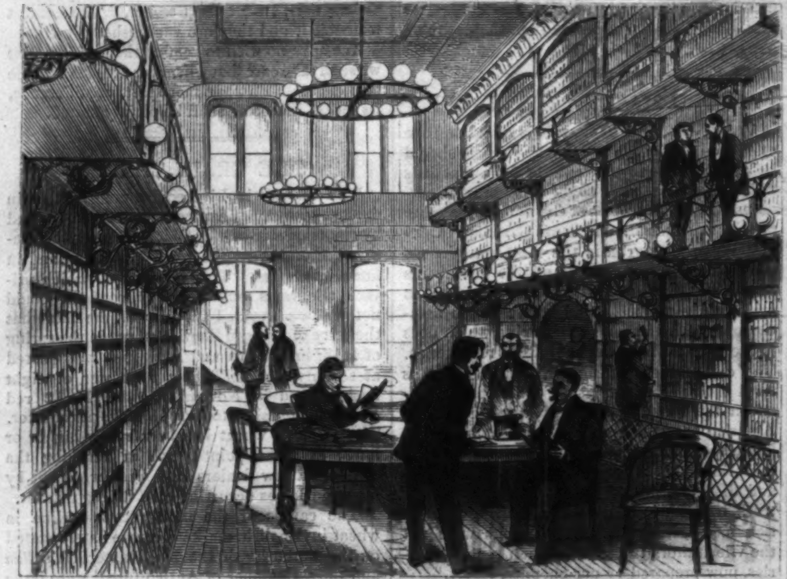
THE NEW YORK YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.



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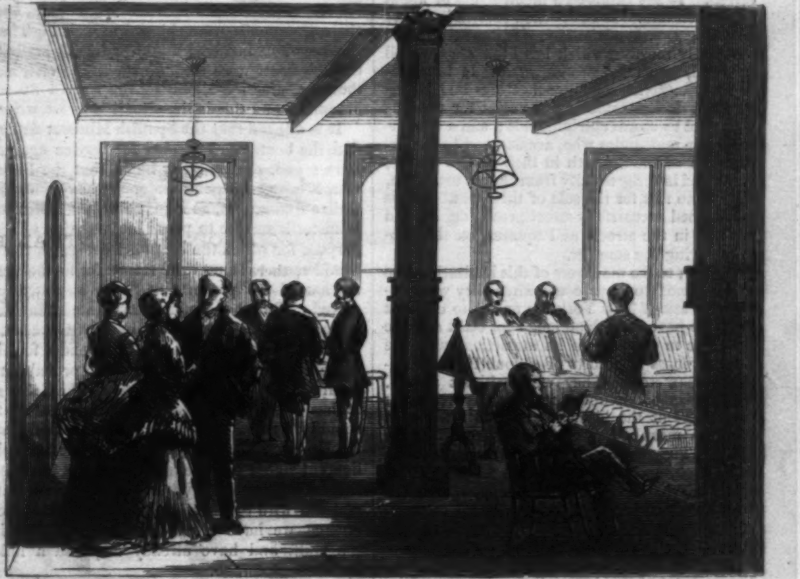
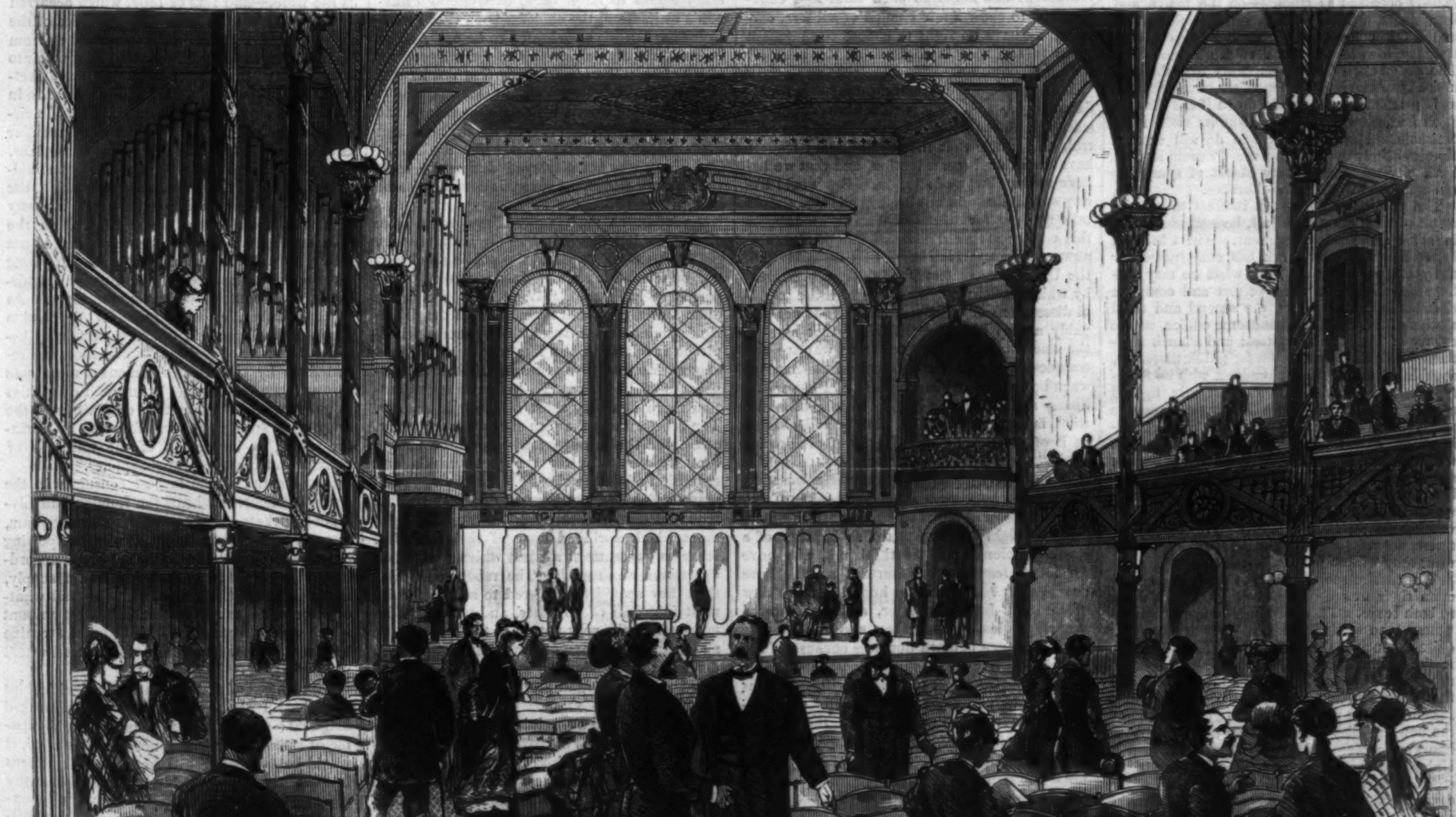


THE READING-ROOM.

It was a noble conception, that of him who first formed the idea of employing the instrumentality of a club in the work of Christ. It has been, thus far, nobly realized in the new building of the New York Young Men's Christian Association.

For years this Association has been carrying on its work without any adequate means. It has undertaken to provide for the moral, intellectual, and social improvement of the young men of the great metropolis. To this work it has strictly confined itself. Other similar organizations have added to the sphere of their labors. They have organized mission-schools, tenement-house prayer-meetings, temporal charities. That in New York has found as much as it could do in its single self-chosen mission. It has had between one and two hundred thousand young men to provide for. Over seventy-five thousand of these, as nearly as can be ascertained, are homeless and almost friendless. Some are penniless. Those who have money are more to be pitied than those who have not. Their danger is just in the ratio of their means. The allurements to vice are numerous and attractive. Without discussing the much-vexed question of amusements, it is certain that the theatre, the billiard-room, the café, are in a large majority of instances, and to a large majority of young men, open doors to ruin. The dance is little or no better. We speak not of what they might be, but of what they now actually are. Until the recent excise law Broadway was lined with brightly-lighted halls, where women employed their arts to add to the enticements of music, drink, and dancing. Attention to business does by no means always serve to counteract the influences of vice, which are erroneously supposed to captivate only the idle. Business often demands of the young salesman, as a part of his professional duties, that he accompany his customer to these dens of iniquity, and show him the pollutions of the great city. Every now and then some great defalcation, some atrocious swindle, startling the



THE LECTURE-ROOM.—[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]

community by its grandeur, has given them some hint of operations which, on a smaller scale unnoticed, occur continually, transpire only occasionally.

It was against this current that the Young Men's Christian Association have undertaken to make their way. Into this vortex they plunged to save at least some. They are wreckers on a most dangerous coast. But hitherto they have had no adequate means for their work. A single room has served them alternately as library and reading-room, and as a hall for social and religious meetings. It has possessed no attractions except for those for whom the printed page was more attractive than music, games, and social converse. If the social element has been neglected, it has been because there were no adequate means for its culture. Its intellectual advantages were inferior to those of the Mercantile Library or the Cooper Union. One can hardly expect to find the young men who most need such an institution leaving the café for a prayer-meeting. It is not strange that while the rooms of the Association have usually, except on special occasions, enjoyed the presence of not over a score of members, the brightly-lighted billiard-rooms opposite have been nightly crowded.

Considering its inadequate instruments, the Association has done a very creditable work. It has well earned the recognition it has at last received. It has gathered a membership of about three thousand. It has opened several branches in different parts of the city. It has maintained a monthly meeting which has been always well attended, generally overcrowded. It has successfully established prayer-meetings and Bible-classes. It has found employment for the unemployed by scores and hundreds; and a church-home for multitudes who, accustomed to the observance of the Sabbath in their native village, wandered in the great city from church to church, finding no rest for the sole of their feet. It has maintained successfully street-preaching, lay and clerical, in the streets and squares, on the Sabbath during the summer.

At last, to the managers of this institution, the time seemed to have come when they were entitled to ask of New York the means to do what ought to have been done long ago, build a house adequate to compete in its attractions with the attractiveness of resorts of a doubtful or pernicious character. They were without means. Their membership does not, generally, represent wealth. But the idea, proposed to a few men of large means, was eagerly responded to by them. They even insisted that the scope of the institution, and the capacity and facilities of its building, should be better and larger than the managers had dared to ask. A board of trustees was organized. Their incorporation expressed the object for which they were created—the erection and maintenance of a building for the purposes of the Association. Six evangelical churches are by the law required to be represented in this board. In it we note such names as W. E. Dodge, Jun., C. C. Colgate, Jonathan Sturges, Robert Lennox Kennedy, Robert L. Stuart, Stewart Brown. The former is President of the Association. It is no secret that it is largely due to his influence that this project has been carried so successfully to its consummation. Without any public appeal, nearly $300,000 have been raised. The building, with the land, will cost nearly half a million. It is hoped, by further subscriptions, to reduce the debt to $150,000. The rentals of the stores on the first-floor, and of the offices—mainly occupied as studios—on the fourth and fifth floors, will pay the interest on this debt, and leave a handsome annual surplus in the treasury toward the work of the Association. The statement of a contemporary that this will make the Association independent of the churches is a mistake. It would do so if the Association had no work to do. But its work is illimitable. How much it will do will depend almost entirely upon its income. Surely in New York city no more worthy object of sympathy can commend itself to the churches.

The public will look with interest to see the result of what must, after all, be conceded to be in some sense an experiment. The Christian benevolence of New York has constructed for the young men of New York what we may perhaps describe as a most perfect and complete club-house. It occupies the second and third stories of the large and handsome edifice, on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue. With its lecture-room for public meetings, capable of seating fifteen hundred, with its tasteful parlors, its cheerful and brightly lighted reading-room, its *bijou* of a library, its attractive prayer-meeting room, its gymnasium and bowling-alley, and with the additional attractions which the artists' studios above afford, it may be safely said that it is not surpassed by any similar institution on the continent, if indeed it has any where its superior for the purposes for which it was constructed. The public will look with interest, not wholly unmingled with anxiety, to see what they will do with it.

We trust to see the management, in entering upon their new abode, throwing open its doors to both sexes. There are hundreds of girls and women who need the benefits of such a building quite as much as their brethren. Their presence in the reading-room and the social parlors could not impair, but would enhance, the usefulness of the institution. There is, indeed, no adequate reason why the privileges of the gymnasium and the bowling-alley should not be theirs at certain hours and under proper restrictions. The Cooper Union and the Mercantile Library have demonstrated the advantages of an intermingling of the sexes in such an institution. We hope to see the directors of the Young Men's Christian Association availing themselves of the lessons which the experience of these pioneer institutions affords.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 11, 1869.

THE SPANISH GUN-BOATS.

The Spanish gun-boats have again become conspicuous, and nothing could be more bewildering than the different positive and apparently authentic statements of the policy of the Administration. The journals which probably have the least knowledge of the intentions and views of the Government have published the most elaborate letters upon the subject, and the general reader has been compelled to fall back upon the proved sagacity and good sense of the President and his advisers, if he would have any satisfactory conception of the situation. The Spanish Government contracted for the building of gun-boats at New York. When they were nearly ready, the Peruvian Minister complained that they were designed for war upon Peru—a state with which we are at peace—and they were detained by order of the Government; but the work upon them was continued. When they were ready for sea, crews arrived for them from Spain, and their armaments were shipped to Cuba. That the questions involved might be legally settled, the gun-boats were turned over to the civil authorities, and were held by the United States Marshal: and this is the situation as we write.

It is alleged that the Spanish Minister denies that the boats are intended for service against Peru; and, on the other hand, that the Peruvian Minister is acting under the advice of the Cuban Junta. If, as is probable, the Peruvian Minister is unable to prove his assertion of the purpose for which the boats are designed, there would seem to be no valid reason for further detention of the property of Spain honestly acquired. But at this point it is stated that the Administration is in sympathy with Cuba, and that to release the gun-boats is to send a formidable fleet against that island, and probably to secure the Spanish ascendency over the Cubans. It has been urged, therefore, that the boats should be released, but at the same time that the United States should acknowledge the belligerent rights of the Cubans: and it is stated that such being the intention of the Government, and war with Spain being anticipated in consequence, we have already a sufficient force in the Gulf, and have already acquired a hold upon St. Domingo.

We doubt if the Administration would resort to so stupid and clumsy a method of doing so simple a thing. Our duty is perfectly plain. If we believe that the Cuban insurgents are fighting for liberty, and assume that we ought, in the interests of civilization, to take part with all our neighbors who are engaged in such a struggle, let us at once say so. Indeed, if this were our duty, we ought to have said so long ago when the Cuban prospects were more promising than they now are. But if it be our duty as a civilized state not to acknowledge the belligerent rights of any revolutionary party until its movement has acquired such form and coherence as to show a fair chance of success, certainly we have no right to choose the moment when that chance is slightest as the time for such a recognition.

It is true that the Cuban movement is for independence, and that we believe American states should be independent of European control. It is true that the revolutionary leaders have proclaimed emancipation, and that we believe in the liberty of all men. But would liberty and civilization be the gainers if we should take up arms for every party every where upon this continent that demanded independence or announced emancipation? Is it desirable that the United States should establish a precedent by which nations may interfere with the internal dissensions of other nations? Is it not palpably a step backward, a policy that restores the ancient régime of predatory warfare and conquest? The great political crimes have always been committed in the name of honor and liberty and order. What are treaties of amity, what is international law, clumsy and obscure as it often is, but the defenses of civilization against the whims of brute force?

Should the Spanish gun-boats be released, it is declared that they will be used against Cuba, and that we ought not to permit it. Has Spain, then, no right to attempt the subjugation of a revolted colony? If we think not, why have we not protested before fourteen months have passed away? Or will any honest man, in view of General Jordan's letter, and his reported anxiety to leave the Cuban service, say that Spain's chance is more hopeless because of the addition of a fleet of thirty gun-boats to the Spanish force against the island? The Cubans have no port; they have no really acknowledged government under which the various functions of a state are fulfilled. They have neither arms nor food. The revolutionary forces are a wandering multitude, sometimes skirmishing with the Spanish outposts. No people, indeed, are to be despised because they are poor and suffering; no body of brave men are to be contemned because they are not a powerful and well-appointed army. But have the Cubans, however brave and enlightened, yet impressed the world with the conviction that they have fairly earned recognition as an independent state? Have they really done more than elude, in the interior of the island, the efforts of Spain to subdue them? Is not their attitude wholly negative? and is that the kind of attitude which ought to command the active interference of governments?

Moreover, if the case were exactly as it is, and Cuba were three thousand miles away, would it be urged upon the United States as a duty to acknowledge its belligerence or its independence? Is not this flowing rhetoric about Spain, as a "hard-hearted speculator in human liberty," a kind of palimpsest—and underneath it do we not plainly read annexation? Now the simple way is the best way. If the United States wish to take Cuba from Spain, they will be quite as much respected if they do it openly and immediately, as if they take it under cover of acknowledging a condition of affairs in the island which does not exist, and which their own arms must maintain. To call the lust of aggrandizement the love of liberty, deceives nobody. If Cuba has honestly earned the recognition of belligerent rights, we are in favor of the recognition. But we demand the facts, and national honor requires that they be something more than the desire of annexation.

AN OLD MASK STRIPPED OFF.

Chief Justice Chase, who is stated to have expressed surprise that any late rebels should be expected to repent, and to deny that it is desirable they should, ought to be elected perpetual Grand President of the new Confederate Survivors' Association in South Carolina. General Wade Hampton is the most conspicuous person in the movement, and the sentiments of General John S. Preston, as expressed in a letter, are unquestionably those of the association, and indicate a form of mind which does not tend in the least degree toward repentance. The call of the meeting for organization sets forth that the memories of the late war between the Confederate and United States of America are still fresh, and many records are likely to perish which would place its history in a true light. Justice to those "who fought and died for their country" demands that the truth be told, in order that the rising generation may learn "that their parents were not the vile traitors that the common school histories, now prepared by our enemies, assert."

General John S. Preston was unable to attend the meeting, but he sent an ardent letter of sympathy: "We are all survivors of our brothers and sons who died gloriously for their country and for liberty, and we have survived that liberty and that country for which they died." General Preston adds, that it is a duty of Confederates, very near to their duties to God, with whom the justified souls of their comrades are living, to preserve the memory of the great deeds of the Southern soldiers and of the cause for which they died. Indeed, to have been a soldier of the Southern Confederacy seems to have been, in General Preston's estimation, the choicest boon that Providence has latterly vouchsafed to man. And as he undoubtedly expresses the general feeling of his class, it is not surprising that the visitors to the Georgia State Fair, at Macon, return profoundly impressed with the fact that public sentiment is not friendly to the Union; and that they are reported to assert that the United States flag was not displayed during the festival; a story which, however, is not likely to be true.

As often as such proceedings take place among the late Confederates the truth must be repeated, that history and the public mind may not be deceived. Chief Justice Chase is reported to have said, "What have the rebels done that they should repent?" and the *World* is of opinion that to speak of any moral principle as involved in the late war was "a good enough Morgan" five years ago, but is lamentably out of date now. To Judge Chase's question there is a very short and simple answer. The rebels, under the plea of State sovereignty, attempted the bloody overthrow of the United States government for the perpetuation and extension of human slavery. It was a government which had not harmed them, and which they had always controlled. It was a government which abridged none of their liberties. It was a government against which no kind of oppression was urged. The rebels demanded that they should be suffered to secede for the most inhuman of purposes, and when the demand, from the very nature of the national life and of the government, was merely Shylock's demand for the pound of flesh. They were refused, and they began the terrible war that followed.

In Judge Chase's opinion, is a bloody revolution to overthrow a government which was never even charged with oppression, and which, as he knows, oppressed only those slaves who did not rebel against it—is such a revolution a matter of mere difference of opinion, is it justifiable, is it moral, or is it something for which the actors should repent? But if this effort to destroy a government which is not oppressive is a mere subterfuge for the purpose of establishing one that shall hopelessly oppress, then does Judge Chase, an old anti-slavery leader, think that it is honorable and commendable, or to be repented of as the horrors of the middle passage might have been deplored even by slave-traders, when the trade was abolished?

The character of the rebellion is not to be sought in its political plea, but in its moral purpose. Suppose even that State sovereignty had been distinctly guaranteed in the Constitution—although it certainly is not—and that the lapse of time and the development of the country had so inextricably welded its real interests and permanence together that the sovereignty could not be asserted without a bloody struggle, was the perpetuity of slavery a justification of such a struggle? The Southern talk about liberty and country was always the merest gasconade. What "liberty" did Mr. John S. Preston fight for? The liberty of selling other men's wives and children. What country does he talk about? The State of South Carolina. He and his friends will find that their wrestle with History is more desperate than that with the Union. History sees already that they fought not because they were oppressed, but because they feared to lose the power of oppression. The contest is decided, and they are vanquished.

We have no wish to remind them of it. But we shall take care that whenever the plea is made that the rebellion was a mere political difference, its moral character shall be plainly stated.

THE GRAIN TRADE.

The failures in Liverpool among the grain dealers with American connections, announced by the telegram of the 23d November, has secured attention at the Corn Exchange and in financial circles. This misfortune, which private telegrams only partially confirm, could not well be avoided in view of the fact that the price of average English wheat in the spring of 1868, in London and Liverpool, was quoted at seventy-four shillings per quarter of eight bushels, and in November, 1869, No. 2 red Western had fallen to forty shillings per quarter. The price of wheat has been rarely higher or lower at these points, and in reaching the *minimum* a few dealers have been worn out by repeated losses occurring on a falling market.

The causes of the most recent decline in wheat in English markets, as we lately stated on the authority of the Manchester *Guardian* and the "Chamber of Agriculture," were large imports, the expectation that the United States would be able to supply all their present wants, and the unusual consumption of potatoes, due to the tendency to rot which had been widely developed. As it is the last ounce which breaks the camel's back, to this unexpected change in food the happening of some of these failures may be attributed.

The estimated annual consumption of wheat in Great Britain, made in the spring of 1868 by Mr. Caird, was 20,800,000 quarters, of which he supposed 9,600,000 would need to be imported between the harvest of 1867—reported as the worst—and that of 1868, which occurred during the great drought. As the price of the quartern loaf of bread had been carried up from 5½*d.* in 1864, to 9*d.* in March, 1867, it was fair to infer that the drought of 1868, and the defective crop of this year, would make the trade in breadstuffs active and profitable. But the circumstances in England have been so peculiar as to have defeated the most sagacious plans. The price of bread had been carried up simultaneously with the great impulse which the scheme of limited liability gave to the industry of England, and when wheat ruled high the failure which broke down that system had not fully reached the laboring classes, who long after remained overbearing and uncompromising in their contests with manufacturers. As soon, however, as the financial depression reached the laborer in full force, economy became the order of the day; emigration was resorted to by the Trades Unions; meat was thrown upon the market in unusual quantities to prevent the consumption of grain, and the severity of the drought was followed by a winter which, as it partook of the mildness of spring, contributed unusual supplies.

As England is the largest consumer in the world of imported wheat, the London and Liverpool markets may be said, in ordinary years, to control the quotations in all wheat-exporting countries. But the price there is fixed according to the situation in the countries of supply, the object being, as wheat must be had whatever the price, to adjust it at the lowest amount which will be certain to furnish from six to nine hundred thousand quarters of imported wheat per month.

The waters of every sea are vexed with ships loaded with grain, their prows turned toward England; and if every port in the world capable of selling wheat were not carefully tried, it would be impossible to manage this important business so as to furnish the requisite quantity at reasonable prices. Happy are we to be exempt from this necessity, which sends the British merchant to every grain-producing country, and teaches the skill which enables Mark Lane to control the trade wherever grain is exported. In the United States our dealers are ever at the mercy of those who can thus measure the exact capacity of other markets; who buy ever where grain is cheap, and abstain from buying where it is above their inflexible limits, and use in the mean time their vast financial power to compel acquiescence in their terms. The fall in the price of all exportable commodities, which has accompanied the downward turn in gold, has doubtless produced a corresponding change in the quotations at Mark Lane, as it is stated in their press that they rely chiefly on the United States to furnish this year their requisite supplies. The happening of the failures in Liverpool is consequently due in part to the policy now being pursued by the Treasury Department in *bearing* gold. If the Government shall take such measures as will make the fall permanent, which can be done only by contraction, it will have rendered a great service in lowering prices; but if the fall shall be succeeded by an upward turn, as it must if the credit circulation remains undiminished in volume, the failures which must occur at home from a forced contraction of prices will be repeated hereafter, as gold may be forced up and then down through the forbearance or the direct action of the Treasury.

Our credit circulation was made excessive in order to float the loan of 1864, and high prices followed and have since been generally maintained; but the excess of issues becomes less apparent from year to year in the proportion in which our industry and wealth are augmented; and in time from the growth of population the amount of our paper issues may not be disproportioned to our enlarged trade. Whether this policy shall be chosen, which is equivalent to contraction by slow degrees, or we shall suddenly be plunged into contraction with its inevitable result of low prices—fatal to all who are embarrassed with debts—can not be known until the temper of Congress shall be developed.

It would appear to be the part of wisdom, as prices have already fallen, to adapt the currency to them, which can be done only by lopping off an equal proportion of the latter. This would involve a diminution in the quantity of both legal-tenders and national bank-notes, inasmuch as the latter are made redeemable in the former, which might be difficult if their present relative proportions to each other were changed. But in lieu of this, plans for new national banks to answer the demand of the West and South, and of new banks on the basis of coin, are proposed and supported by newspapers ordinarily regarded as indicators of coming events. The country is confused by these differences, as to which no light is shown by the recent utterances of the Attorney-General and others high in authority.

Their expressions in favor of a return to specie payments are not of the character to show that any matured plan had been arrived at or was in contemplation, and it may be inferred, therefore, that the subject will be referred to the wisdom of Congress, which, as its constituents are composed of the debtor and creditor classes, and as the proportions of the one to the other are well understood, it is feared that no legislation will take place injurious to those of them who constitute the majority.

GEORGE PEABODY'S MONUMENT.

When Oliver Goldsmith lay dead in his humble lodgings, the poor people whom he had befriended sat weeping upon the stairs. And when, reading his biography, you come to that point, your own eyes are very likely to moisten; for Goldsmith is one of the few authors whom we all personally love. No tribute to him is nobler to our imaginations to-day, and none could have been dearer to his own childlike and honest heart, than the silent tears of his poor neighbors. And as we all read the other day, in that graphic and touching letter to the *Tribune*, the description of George Peabody's funeral, who did not feel that more grateful to him than to be buried in the ancient Abbey, and to lie in the vault of kings, and to be officially mourned by queens and princes and prime ministers, would have been the respectful presence and tears of the crowds of poor people who thronged about the gates of the Abbey and bought cheap mourning-cards and likenesses and a little elegiac ballad?

How many rich men, dying in New York to-day, would be followed to their graves to-morrow with the grateful tears of the poor? Can you help contrasting the story of the throng at the gates of the Abbey and the simple ballad with certain performances at the brazen dedication in St. John's Square the other day? Turn back to the newspaper files of that morning. Listen to the editorial chorus, and reflect upon it. If they had been celebrating a life and powers consecrated to the noblest purposes, what more could the papers have said? Do we really profoundly honor great riches, or the qualities that amass great riches—or the manner in which the powers and the riches are used? It seems very easy to do as Mr. Peabody did. He was a bachelor. He had made a great fortune. He gave away millions of dollars, but he did not abridge a single personal comfort. Who could not do this? says every body who reads the story. And echo answers, How many do it? The praise of Mr. Peabody is that, having a great opportunity, he used it greatly. As the *Tribune* correspondent says, here was one rich man who "had found the needle's eye." As Mr. Gladstone said, "He has shown us how a man can be master of his wealth instead of its slave."

From his stately funeral in the Abbey—funeral too ceremonious, because the sincerest mourners, the poor people, were not admitted—from the royal vault and the official mourning of a nation his body returns in a British ship of war, and probably with a funeral fleet attending, across the ocean. Boston will receive it with a fitting pomp of grief, and then it will be borne to its grave in Danvers. "Danvers, remember; not a cemetery here—Danvers," were his final words, as he remembered his mother, says one who repeats them. But his monument will be not only the houses he built for the poor, the education he has given to the ignorant, the libraries and colleges he has endowed, nor only the noble example of beneficence, nor the statues and shafts of marble that will arise, but a certain finer view of human nature—a feeling invaluable at this time in this country—that great riches need not harden a man's heart, nor make him conspicuous merely for selfishness, unscrupulousness, and vulgarity.

ENGLAND IN INDIA.

The debate upon annexation of foreign territory which is constantly proceeding in this country naturally invites consideration of the presence of England in India, and suggests the question whether, upon the whole, it has been an advantage to civilization and the world. If the history of the beginning of the British occupation is full of cruelties and tragedies, we may wisely remember the story of our own settlement in America, and the Indian wars and Quaker persecutions and witchcraft deviltries of our ancestors two hundred years ago. The opening of the Suez Canal again turns the attention of the world to India, and it is worth while to reflect upon a few facts in regard to England in India.

The English first appeared in India as peddlers with their packs, bowing humbly at Musnuds, and licking the dust from the feet of Omrahs and of Rajahs. But when they drew the sword that has never since been long sheathed it was to defend their factories, erected under the plighted protection of the Imperial Government at Delhi, from the attacks of the Nabob of Bengal, a revolted feudatory of the Great Mogul, who, capturing the settlement at Calcutta, perpetrated the massacre of the Black Hole. At this time the Emperor of Delhi, the Great Mogul, was an emperor only in name, his great feudal chiefs, the Peishwa, the Nawaub of Oude, Holkar, and Scindia, always despising, frequently dared his power and authority. The whole country over which he nominally ruled was the prey of the wild Mahrattas, a Hindu clan, who, originally driven by the persecutions of Aurungzebe to take refuge in the Western Ghauts, founded a state at Sattarah, from which they issued in clouds of light-horse to levy *loot* or tribute on every territory they could reach. They were, in effect, professed freebooters; and to talk of inhumanity in rescuing the population of India out of hands like these is indeed very much like accusing the Good Samaritan of man-stealing for bearing away to his inn the exhausted victim of thieves and assassins; although, of course, we are not denying that it was cupidity, and not humanity, that sent England to India.

Bombay, the principal sea-port of Hindostan, was ceded to the British by the Portuguese, as dower with the Infanta when she married Charles II. of England. In our own day the principal acquisitions of territory have been Scinde, Oude, and the Punjab. The first-named country was seized under the flimsiest of pretexts, in fact it was a shameless, cowardly robbery. As for Oude, any one who has read the "Life of an Eastern King," published some fifteen years since, will agree with us that *any* civilized rule must confer blessings on the inhabitants of that fertile region, who had so long suffered under their own cruel, licentious, and despotic sovereigns. The Sikhs, who, under their able and astute Maharajah, Runjeet Singh, had been stanch allies of the British, so long as he lived to restrain their audacity, poured across the Sutlej on his death, invading English territory, and after the usual routine of defeat, treaty, breach of faith, renewed hostilities, and final conquest, have since enjoyed the greatest prosperity under the Christian Raj, and were, as is well known, the mainstay of British ascendency in the darkest hour of the mutiny of 1857.

We are apt to speak of the natives of India from Peshawur to Cape Comorin as ethnically and physically one people, just as Spain or Holland are populated by one race, whereas the two hundred millions of Hindostan are composed of races as diversified and distinct as the nations of Europe: indeed more so. There are the aboriginal inhabitants, the Tamuls, first invaders of the country, the Aryans, and the Mohammedans—these last the descendants of those warriors who built up the throne of Delhi, and for a time made of Hindostan an empire for their Mogul. But among the aborigines there are many tribes which are ethnically and philologically divided. There are tribes closely related to the Malay and the Chinese races, and there are others that are wholly unconnected with those branches of the human race. The number of aboriginal dialects spoken throughout India has been computed to exceed two hundred, and none of these has any marked affinity to any other.

The Mohammedans, numbering some twenty millions, are scattered all over the country, the Aryans, by which title we refer to the Hindus following some form or other of the Brahminical faith, number one hundred and twenty millions. If the British were to retire from Hindostan to-morrow, would the greater number submit again to be enthralled by the bigoted minority? To whom are the British asked to resign their hard-won sovereignty?

England has given India the blessing of a stable government. She has built railroads, dug canals, covered the great rivers with fleets of steamers, and, above all, has insured to the humblest of her subjects the peaceable possession of his ancestral vine and fig-tree. That the material prosperity of the country has made rapid strides is shown by the value of her exports, which, in 1834, the last year of the exclusive trading charter of the old East India Company, amounted to only £8,000,000 sterling, but which had increased in 1865 to no less than £68,000,000 sterling, or three hundred and forty millions of dollars.

It is sometimes asserted as a reproach, that England does not attempt to Christianize her heathen subjects. Good reason has she for caution in this particular; and wisely does the Government speak when it says, "We can not, we will not interfere with the religion of the people." Any other policy would set the land in a blaze from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya. The Government must stand aloof. There must not be even a suspicion of partiality shown to the convert applicant for public employment, no public favor bestowed on the Christian proselyte as such, unless it desires the bloody scenes of Cawnpore and Delhi to be re-enacted as a warning to each successive generation.

THE REASON WHY.

In the course of some remarks upon the late Convention at Cleveland to form a National Woman's Suffrage Association, the New York *Times* remarks: "The vast majority of men are really indifferent to the whole matter, and very willingly stand aside to leave women to settle it among themselves." The article is an amplification of this amusing statement, and its moral is, that if women do not vote it is because they do not wish to. But, if the *Times* really supposes that this is the fact, it should inform itself a little. If it imagines that some women do not vote because other women do not wish to, it would perhaps be useful for the *Times* as a public teacher, to know that the reason no woman votes is that men will not permit it. The fundamental law of the State is made by men, and it restricts the political franchise to men. It is merely absurd to say that they would carefully establish so immense an exclusion if they were wholly indifferent to it.

The *Times* repeats the old remark, that when the majority of women wish to vote they will be admitted to the suffrage, as a matter of course. But this is not the manner in which such changes of fundamental laws are made. Were the newly admitted voters in England polled upon the subject before the Reform bill passed? Were the majority of the colored citizens in the Southern States asked to express a wish before the suffrage was given them? And is it also to be gravely urged that when the majority of women wish that the women who have a genius for any profession or art should devote themselves to it, they will of course be allowed to do so? The question must be decided upon quite other considerations. If there be no objection to the voting of those women who wish to vote except that certain other women do not wish to, the argument is suddenly shifted, and it becomes the duty of those who make the assertion to show why the disinclination of one person should disqualify another.

If, as is alleged in the article of which we speak, the present voters, who are men, "stand aside to leave women to settle it among themselves," why do they not remove the restriction? It is idle to speak of awaiting the demand of a majority of women, not only because it is ridiculous that an intelligent woman should be deprived of such a power by the whim of a possibly indifferent and foolish woman, but because there is no way of ascertaining the wishes of such a majority. The only sensible and practicable policy upon the subject—since even the *Times* concedes that men are indifferent, and that there is no serious objection—is to remove the barrier and let women decide for themselves. If nature, as Dr. Bushnell argues, protests against their sharing political power—if considerations of sex, family, taste, ridicule, forbid such action upon their part, let us have these truths made manifest.

The *Times* indeed asserts that ninety-nine women out of every hundred are opposed to their own admission to the suffrage. But it offers no proof that its assertion is true; and if it were true, it is of no more importance as an argument than the assertion of the British Government in 1775 that the American revolutionists were a mere faction, and not the people of of the Colonies. Mr. Webster, the *Times* may remember, was fond of saying that the Revolution was fought upon a preamble; and a few resolute and sagacious men with a just preamble carried the independence of the Colonies. If the claim made by some thoughtful women is in itself reasonable, what has the indifference of even a greater number of women to do with the question? If it is not desirable that women should share political power, how can it become desirable because more or less of them wish it?

The attention of those of our readers seeking safe and remunerative investments is invited to the advertisement of Messrs. Fisk & Hatch on the last page of this Number of the *Weekly*. The mere fact that these gentlemen recommend a "security" is evidence of its soundness.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Secretary of State has informed Hon. John Lynch, Chairman of the Special Committee on Navigation Interests, that he has instructed all our Consuls, including those in the Canadian Dominion, to collect and furnish the Committee with the information desired by them relative to shipbuilding in the countries where they are located.

In accordance with instructions received from the President, United States District-Attorney Pierrepont, on November 24, "libeled" the thirty Spanish gunboats which the Spanish Government have had built in this country, and which are now nearly ready for sea. It is reported that the occasion of this proceeding was the fear lest sympathizers with the Cuban cause might attempt their destruction. The ground of the libel of information issued by the District-Attorney is, that the vessels are to be used against the Peruvian Government. The case comes before the District-Court December 14.

Albert D. Richardson, a well-known journalist, was shot by Daniel M'Farland in the *Tribune* counting-room, on the evening of November 25. Jealousy is supposed to have been the motive of the act.

An attempt was made on the morning of November 22 to blow up the Hudson County Jail, at Hudson City, New Jersey. An explosion occurred which made a long break in the south wall, but none of the prisoners escaped.

The new Haytien Minister was formally presented to President Grant November 22, and the usual courtesies were exchanged.

A petition is to be presented to Congress early in the next session praying that belligerent rights be accorded to Cuba, and her independence recognized. This petition has already received 13,000 signatures, and will, it is expected, have 40,000 before the assembling of Congress.

The completion of the "New York, Flushing, and North Side Railroad" to Whitestone, on Long Island Sound, was celebrated, November 27, with great enthusiasm by the people living on the line of the road, who turned out *en masse* to welcome the first train that passed over the road from Flushing to Whitestone, bearing an excursion party, numbering a hundred gentlemen or more, from this city. The completion of this road opens up the thriving manufacturing villages of College Point and Whitestone to easy and rapid communication with New York, rendering them more convenient of access than Newark and other cities in New Jersey of far less natural advantages, which have grown to be large manufacturing towns by means of railroad facilities. The credit of this new enterprise is due entirely to the citizens of Flushing, who have built the railroad without any outside assistance, at a cost of nearly a million of dollars. Chief among the promoters of the undertaking were Mr. C. Poppenhusen, the President of the road, Mr. Orange Judd, and Mr. John D. Locke. Loughridge's patent car-brakes are attached to every engine, and every thing connected with the road is as perfect as the means afforded by modern inventive genius would permit. The result is, that it is beyond question the safest and the easiest riding railway that runs out of New York.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Republican Deputies who recently absented themselves from the Spanish Cortes returned in a body November 27. The Spanish Government announces its intention to restore the constitutional guarantees lately abrogated on account of the insurrection. On the 27th the Republicans moved a vote of censure against the Government for arbitrary use of power, which was rejected 146 to 35.

The Spanish Cortes has passed a vote of thanks to M. De Lesseps, the President-Director of the Suez Canal. A draft of a Constitution for Porto Rico was read in the Cortes on November 24, forbidding the discussion of separation, and excluding slaves from all rights until emancipated.

Within three weeks recently 24,000 volunteers were shipped from Spain to Cuba.

General Dulce, formerly Captain-General of Cuba, died November 23, aged 60.

Dispatches from Rome state that the members of the Œcumenical Council will meet at the Vatican on the 8th of December, and, at the conclusion of the preliminary ceremonies, the Pope will announce the opening of the Council.

The completion of the Suez Canal, it seems, has already affected the rate of freights to and from India and China around the Cape of Good Hope. A serious decline has taken place.

M. De Lesseps, the chief engineer of the Suez Canal, has publicly denied the unfavorable reports which have been recently circulated about that great enterprise. He calls attention to the fact that in ten days no less than fifty vessels sailed safely through the canal and back.

The Sultan protests against the act of the Viceroy of Egypt in proclaiming the neutrality of the Suez Canal as a trespass on his sovereignty.

The most notable result of the recent supplementary elections in Paris was the return of M. Rochefort from the First Circumscription. There was no disturbance.

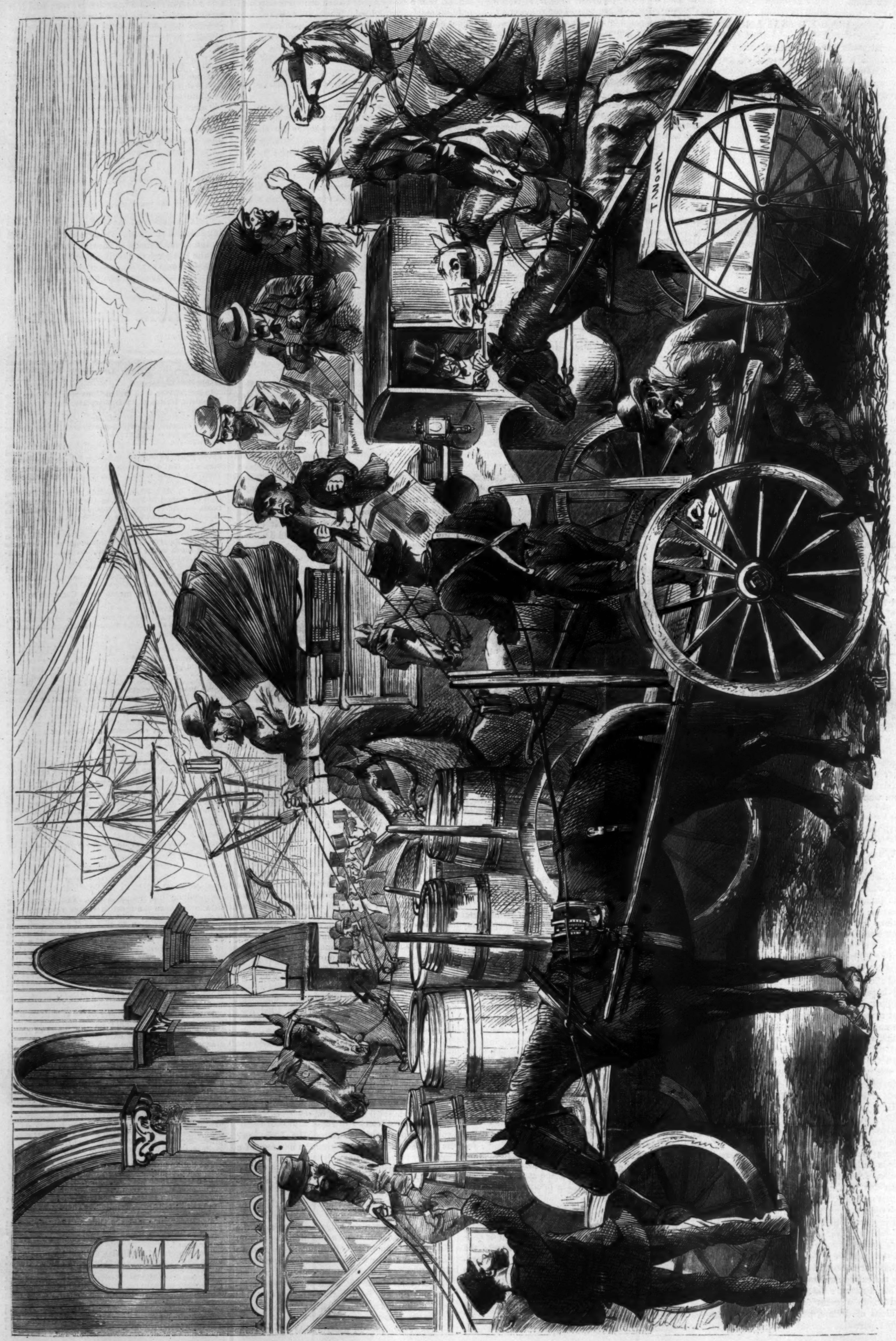
Mr. Burlingame and the Chinese Embassy are at Berlin.

United States Consul-General Plumb, at Havana, has resigned.

The members of the Italian Cabinet have resigned, and a new Ministry has been organized under General Menebrea.

Advices from Manila of October 1 report a violent earthquake at that port which extended through the Philippine group of islands. At Manila eight lives were lost.

The recent election in Newfoundland has resulted successfully for the opponents of Confederation. The full returns show that twenty-one Anti-Confederates and nine Confederates have been elected.



JAM AT THE FERRY GATE.—[SKETCHED BY THOMAS WORTH.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

THE PLAN.

SHE took his hand, and began with all the art of persuasion that she possessed.

"One question, Geoffrey, before I say what I want to say. Lady Lundie has invited you to stay at Windygates. Do you accept her invitation? or do you go back to your brother's in the evening?"

"I can't go back in the evening—they've put a visitor into my room. I'm obliged to stay here. My brother has done it on purpose. Julius helps me when I'm hard up—and bullies me afterward. He has sent me here, on duty for the family. Somebody must be civil to Lady Lundie—and I'm the sacrifice."

She took him up at his last word. "Don't make the sacrifice," she said. "Apologize to Lady Lundie, and say you are obliged to go back."

"Why?"

"Because we must both leave this place to-day."

There was a double objection to that. If he left Lady Lundie's, he would fail to establish a future pecuniary claim on his brother's indulgence. And if he left with Anne, the eyes of the world would see them, and the whispers of the world might come to his father's ears.

"If we go away together," he said, "good-by to my prospects, and yours too."

"I don't mean that we shall leave together," she explained. "We will leave separately—and I will go first."

"There will be a hue and cry after you, when you are missed."

"There will be a dance when the croquet is over. I don't dance—and I shall not be missed. There will be time, and opportunity, to get to my own room. I shall leave a letter there for Lady Lundie, and a letter"—her voice trembled for a moment—"and a letter for Blanche. Don't interrupt me! I have thought of this, as I have thought of every thing else. The confession I shall make will be the truth in a few hours, if it's not the truth now. My letters will say I am privately married, and called away unexpectedly to join my husband. There will be a scandal in the house, I know. But there will be no excuse for sending after me, when I am under my husband's protection. So far as you are personally concerned there are no discoveries to fear—and nothing which it is not perfectly safe and perfectly easy to do. Wait here an hour after I have gone to save appearances; and then follow me."

"Follow you?" interposed Geoffrey. "Where?"

She drew her chair nearer to him, and whispered the next words in her ear.

"To a lonely little mountain inn—four miles from this."

"An inn!"

"Why not?"

"An inn is a public place."

A movement of natural impatience escaped her—but she controlled herself, and went on as quietly as before:

"The place I mean is the loneliest place in the neighborhood. You have no prying eyes to dread there. I have picked it out expressly for that reason. It's away from the railway; it's away from the high-road: it's kept by a decent, respectable Scotchwoman—"

"Decent, respectable Scotchwomen who keep inns," interposed Geoffrey, "don't cotton to young ladies who are traveling alone. The landlady won't receive you."

It was a well-aimed objection—but it missed the mark. A woman bent on her marriage is a woman who can meet the objections of the whole world, single-handed, and refute them all.

"I have provided for every thing," she said; "and I have provided for that. I shall tell the landlady I am on my wedding-trip. I shall say my husband is sight-seeing, on foot, among the mountains in the neighborhood—"

"She is sure to believe that!" said Geoffrey.

"She is sure to *dis*believe it, if you like. Let her! You have only to appear, and to ask for your wife—and there is my story proved to be true! She may be the most suspicious woman living, as long as I am alone with her. The moment you join me, you set her suspicions at rest. Leave me to do my part. My part is the hard one. Will you do yours?"

It was impossible to say No: she had fairly cut the ground from under his feet. He shifted his ground. Any thing rather than say Yes!

"I suppose *you* know how we are to be married?" he asked. "All I can say is—*I* don't."

"You do!" she retorted. "You know that we are in Scotland. You know that there are neither forms, ceremonies, nor delays in marriage, here. The plan I have proposed to you secures my being received at the inn, and makes it easy and natural for you to join me there afterward. The rest is in our own hands. A man and a woman who wish to be married (in Scotland) have only to secure the necessary witnesses and the thing is done. If the landlady chooses to resent the deception practiced on her, after that, the landlady may do as she pleases. We shall have gained our object in spite of her—and, what is more, we shall have gained it without risk to *you*."

"Don't lay it all on my shoulders," Geoffrey rejoined. "You women go headlong at every thing. Say we are married. We must separate afterward—or how are we to keep it a secret?"

"Certainly. You will go back, of course, to your brother's house, as if nothing had happened."

"And what is to become of *you?*"

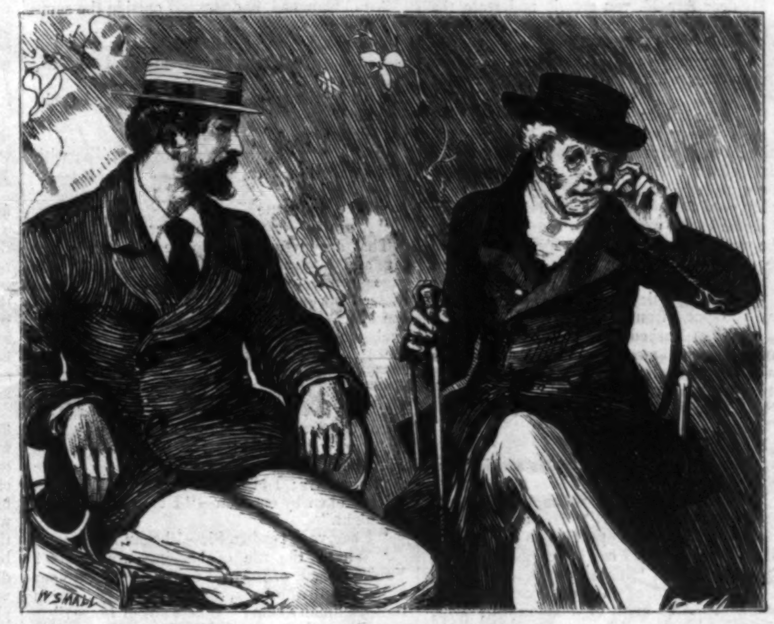
"I shall go to London."

"What are you to do in London?"

"Haven't I already told you that I have thought of every thing? When I get to London I shall apply to some of my mother's old friends—friends of hers in the time when she was a musician. Every body tells me I have a voice—if I had only cultivated it. I *will* cultivate it! I can live, and live respectably, as a concert singer. I have saved money enough to support me, while I am learning—and my mother's friends will help me, for her sake."

So, in the new life that she was marking out, was she now unconsciously reflecting in herself the life of her mother before her. Here was the mother's career as a public singer, chosen (in spite of all efforts to prevent it) by the child! Here (though with other motives, and under other circumstances) was the mother's irregular marriage in Ireland, on the point of being followed by the daughter's irregular marriage in Scotland! And here, stranger still, was the man who was answerable for it—the son of the man who had found the flaw in the Irish marriage, and had shown the way by which her mother was thrown on the world! "My Anne is my second self. She is not called by her father's name; she is called by mine. She is Anne Silvester as I was. Will she end like Me?"—The answer to those words—the last words that had trembled on the dying mother's lips—was coming fast. Through the chances and changes of many years, the future was pressing near—and Anne Silvester stood on the brink of it.

"Well?" she resumed. "Are you at the end of your objections? Can you give me a plain answer at last?"



"HE TOUCHED THE KNOB OF HIS CANE, AND HELPED HIMSELF, WITH INFINITE ZEST AND ENJOYMENT, TO A PINCH OF SNUFF."

No! He had another objection ready as the words passed her lips.

"Suppose the witnesses at the inn happen to know me?" he said. "Suppose it comes to my father's ears in that way?"

"Suppose you drive me to my death?" she retorted, starting to her feet. "Your father shall know the truth, in that case—I swear it!"

He rose, on his side, and drew back from her. She followed him up. There was a clapping of hands, at the same moment, on the lawn. Somebody had evidently made a brilliant stroke which promised to decide the game. There was no security now that Blanche might not return again. There was every prospect, the game being over, that Lady Lundie would be free. Anne brought the interview to its crisis, without wasting a moment more.

"Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn," she said. "You have bargained for a private marriage, and I have consented. Are you, or are you not, ready to marry me on your own terms?"

"Give me a minute to think!"

"Not an instant. Once for all, is it Yes, or No?"

He couldn't say "Yes," even then. But he said what was equivalent to it. He asked, savagely, "Where is the inn?"

She put her arm in his, and whispered, rapidly,

"Pass the road on the right that leads to the railway. Follow the path over the moor, and the sheep-track up the hill. The first house you come to after that is the inn. You understand!"

He nodded his head, with a sullen frown, and took his pipe out of his pocket again.

"Let it alone this time," he said, meeting her eye. "My mind's upset. When a man's mind's upset, a man must smoke. What's the name of the place?"

"Craig Fernie."

"Who am I to ask for at the door?"

"For your wife."

"Suppose they want you to give your name when you get there?"

"If I must give a name, I shall call myself Mrs., instead of Miss, Silvester. But I shall do my best to avoid giving any name. And you will do your best to avoid making a mistake, by only asking for me as your wife. Is there any thing else you want to know?"

"Yes."

"Be quick about it! What is it?"

"How am I to know you have got away from here?"

"If you don't hear from me in half an hour from the time when I have left you, you may be sure I have got away. Hush!"

Two voices, in conversation, were audible at the bottom of the steps—Lady Lundie's voice and Sir Patrick's. Anne pointed to the door in the back wall of the summer-house. She had just pulled it to again, after Geoffrey had passed through it, when Lady Lundie and Sir Patrick appeared at the top of the steps.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

THE SUITOR.

LADY LUNDIE pointed significantly to the door, and addressed herself to Sir Patrick's private ear.

"Observe!" she said. "Miss Silvester has just got rid of somebody."

Sir Patrick deliberately looked in the wrong direction, and (in the politest possible manner) observed—nothing.

Lady Lundie advanced into the summer-house. Suspicious hatred of the governess was written legibly in every line of her face. Suspicious distrust of the governess's illness spoke plainly in every tone of her voice.

"May I inquire, Miss Silvester, if your sufferings are relieved?"

"I am no better, Lady Lundie."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said I was no better."

"You appear to be able to stand up. When *I* am ill, I am not so fortunate. I am compelled to lie down."

"I will follow your example, Lady Lundie. If you will be so good as to excuse me, I will leave you, and lie down in my own room."

She could say no more. The interview with Geoffrey had worn her out; there was no spirit left in her to resist the petty malice of the woman, after bearing, as she had borne it, the brutish indifference of the man. In another moment the hysterical suffering which she was keeping down would have forced its way outward in tears. Without waiting to know whether she was excused or not, without stopping to hear a word more, she left the summer-house.

Lady Lundie's magnificent black eyes opened to their utmost width, and blazed with their most dazzling brightness. She appealed to Sir Patrick, poised easily on his ivory cane, and looking out at the lawn party, the picture of venerable innocence.

"After what I have already told you, Sir Patrick, of Miss Silvester's conduct, may I ask whether you consider *that* proceeding at all extraordinary?"

The old gentleman touched the spring in the knob of his cane, and answered, in the courtly manner of the old school:

"I consider no proceeding extraordinary, Lady Lundie, which emanates from your enchanting sex."

He bowed, and took his pinch. With a little jaunty flourish of the hand, he dusted the stray grains of snuff off his finger and thumb, and looked back again at the lawn party, and became more absorbed in the diversions of his young friends than ever.

Lady Lundie stood her ground, plainly determined to force a serious expression of opinion from her brother-in-law. Before she could speak again, Arnold and Blanche appeared together at the bottom of the steps. "And when does the dancing begin?" inquired Sir Patrick, hobbling out to meet them, and looking as if he felt the deepest interest in a speedy settlement of the question.

"The very thing I was going to ask mamma," returned Blanche. "Is she in there with Anne? Is Anne better?"

Lady Lundie forthwith appeared, and took the answer to that inquiry on herself.

"Miss Silvester has retired to her room. Miss Silvester persists in being ill. Have you noticed, Sir Patrick, that these half-bred sort of people are almost invariably rude when they are ill?"

Blanche's bright face flushed up. "If you think Anne a half-bred person, Lady Lundie, you stand alone in your opinion. My uncle doesn't agree with you, I'm sure."

Sir Patrick's interest in the first quadrille became almost painful to see. "*Do* tell me, my dear, when *is* the dancing going to begin?"

"The sooner the better," interposed Lady Lundie; "before Blanche picks another quarrel with me on the subject of Miss Silvester."

Blanche looked at her uncle. "Begin! begin! Don't lose time!" cried the ardent Sir Patrick, pointing toward the house with his cane. "Certainly, uncle! Any thing that *you* wish!" With that parting shot at her step-mother, Blanche withdrew. Arnold, who had thus far waited in silence at the foot of the steps, looked appealingly at Sir Patrick. The train which was to take him to his newly inherited property would start in less than an hour; and he had not presented himself to Blanche's guardian in the character of Blanche's suitor yet! Sir Patrick's indifference to all domestic claims on him—claims of persons who loved, and claims of persons who hated, it didn't matter which—remained perfectly unassailable. There he stood, poised on his cane, humming an old Scotch air. And there was Lady Lundie, resolute not to leave him till he had seen the governess with *her* eyes and judged the governess with *her* mind. She returned to the charge—in spite of Sir Patrick, humming at the top of the steps, and of Arnold, waiting at the bottom. (Her enemies said, "No wonder poor Sir Thomas died in a few months after his marriage!" And, oh dear me, our enemies *are* sometimes right!)

"I must once more remind you, Sir Patrick, that I have serious reason to doubt whether Miss Silvester is a fit companion for Blanche. My governess has something on her mind. She has fits of crying in private. She is up and walking about her room when she ought to be asleep. She posts her own letters—*and*, she has lately been excessively insolent to Me. There is something wrong. I must take some steps in the matter—and it is only proper that I should do so with your sanction, as head of the family."

"Consider me as abdicating my position, Lady Lundie, in your favor."

"Sir Patrick, I beg you to observe that I am speaking seriously, and that I expect a serious reply."

"My good lady, ask me for any thing else and it is at your service. I have not made 'a serious reply' since I gave up practice at the Scottish Bar. At my age," added Sir Patrick, cunningly drifting into generalities, "nothing is serious—except Indigestion. I say, with the philosopher, 'Life is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel.'" He took his sister-in-law's hand, and kissed it. "Dear Lady Lundie, why feel?"

Lady Lundie, who had never "felt" in her life, appeared perversely determined to feel, on this occasion. She was offended—and she showed it plainly.

"When you are next called on, Sir Patrick, to judge of Miss Silvester's conduct," she said, "unless I am entirely mistaken, you will find yourself *compelled* to consider it as something beyond a joke." With those words, she walked out of the summer-house—and so forwarded Arnold's interests by leaving Blanche's guardian alone at last.

It was an excellent opportunity. The guests were safe in the house—there was no interruption to be feared. Arnold showed himself. Sir Patrick (perfectly undisturbed by Lady Lundie's parting speech) sat down in the summer-house, without noticing his young friend, and asked himself a question founded on profound observation of the female sex. "Were there ever two women yet with a quarrel between them," thought the old gentleman, "who didn't want to drag a man into it? Let them drag *me* in, if they can!"

Arnold advanced a step, and modestly announced himself. "I hope I am not in the way, Sir Patrick?"

"In the way? of course not! Bless my soul, how serious the boy looks! Are *you* going to appeal to me as the head of the family next?"

It was exactly what Arnold was about to do. But it was plain that if he admitted it just then Sir Patrick (for some unintelligible reason) would decline to listen to him. He answered cautiously, "I asked leave to consult you in private, Sir; and you kindly said you would give me the opportunity before I left Windygates?"

"Ay! ay! to be sure. I remember. We were both engaged in the serious business of croquet at the time—and it was doubtful which of us did that business most clumsily. Well, here is the opportunity; and here am I, with all my worldly experience, at your service. I have only one caution to give you. Don't appeal to me as 'the head of the family.' My resignation is in Lady Lundie's hands."

He was, as usual, half in jest, half in earnest. The wry twist of humor showed itself at the corners of his lips. Arnold was at a loss how to approach Sir Patrick on the subject of his niece without reminding him of his domestic responsibilities on the one hand, and without setting himself up as a target for the shafts of Sir Patrick's wit on the other. In this difficulty, he committed a mistake at the outset. He hesitated.

"Don't hurry yourself," said Sir Patrick. "Collect your ideas. I can wait! I can wait!"

Arnold collected his ideas—and committed a second mistake. He determined on feeling his way cautiously at first. Under the circumstances (and with such a man as he had now to deal with), it was perhaps the rashest resolution at which he could possibly have arrived—it was the mouse attempting to outmanœuvre the cat.

"You have been very kind, Sir, in offering me the benefit of your experience," he began. "I want a word of advice."

"Suppose you take it sitting?" suggested Sir Patrick. "Get a chair." His sharp eyes followed Arnold with an expression of malicious enjoyment. "Wants my advice?" he thought. "The young humbug wants nothing of the sort—he wants my niece."

Arnold sat down under Sir Patrick's eye, with a well-founded suspicion that he was destined to suffer, before he got up again, under Sir Patrick's tongue.

"I am only a young man," he went on, moving uneasily in his chair; "and I am beginning a new life—"

"Any thing wrong with the chair?" asked Sir Patrick. "Begin your new life comfortably, and get another."

"There's nothing wrong with the chair, Sir. Would you—"

"Would I keep the chair, in that case? Certainly."

"I mean, would you advise me—"

"My good fellow, I'm waiting to advise you. (I'm sure there's something wrong with that chair. Why be obstinate about it? Why not get another?)"

"Please don't notice the chair, Sir Patrick—you put me out. I want—in short—perhaps it's a curious question—"

"I can't say till I have heard it," remarked Sir Patrick. "However, we will admit it, for form's sake, if you like. Say it's a curious question. Or let us express it more strongly, if that will help you. Say it's the most extraordinary question that ever was put, since the beginning of the world, from one human being to another."

"It's this!" Arnold burst out, desperately. "I want to be married!"

"That isn't a question," objected Sir Patrick. "It's an assertion. You say, I want to be married. And I say, Just so! And there's an end of it."

Arnold's head began to whirl. "Would you advise me to get married, Sir?" he said, piteously. "That's what I meant."

"Oh! That's the object of the present interview, is it? Would I advise you to marry, eh?"

(Having caught the mouse by this time, the cat lifted his paw and let the luckless little creature breathe again. Sir Patrick's manner suddenly freed itself from any slight signs of impatience which it might have hitherto shown, and became as pleasantly easy and confidential as a manner could be. He touched the knob of his cane, and helped himself, with infinite zest and enjoyment, to a pinch of snuff.)

"Would I advise you to marry?" repeated Sir Patrick. "Two courses are open to us, Mr. Arnold, in treating that question. We may put it briefly, or we may put it at great length. I am for putting it briefly. What do you say?"

"What *you* say, Sir Patrick."

"Very good. May I begin by making an inquiry relating to your past life?"

"Certainly!"

"Very good again. When you were in the merchant service, did you ever have any experience in buying provisions ashore?"

Arnold stared. If any relation existed between that question and the subject in hand it was an impenetrable relation to *him*. He answered, in unconcealed bewilderment,

"Plenty of experience, Sir."

"I'm coming to the point," pursued Sir Patrick. "Don't be astonished. I'm coming to the point. What did you think of your moist sugar when you bought it at the grocer's?"

"Think?" repeated Arnold. "Why, I thought it was moist sugar, to be sure!"

"Marry, by all means!" cried Sir Patrick. "You are one of the few men who can try that experiment with a fair chance of success."

The suddenness of the answer fairly took away Arnold's breath. There was something perfectly electric in the brevity of his venerable friend. He stared harder than ever.

"Don't you understand me?" asked Sir Patrick.

"I don't understand what the moist sugar has got to do with it, Sir."

"You don't see that?"

"Not a bit!"

"Then I'll show you," said Sir Patrick, crossing his legs, and setting in comfortably for a good talk. "You go to the tea-shop, and get your moist sugar. You take it on the understanding that it *is* moist sugar. But it isn't any thing of the sort. It's a compound of adulterations made up to look like sugar. You shut your eyes to that awkward fact, and swallow your adulterated mess in various articles of food; and you and your sugar get on together in that way as well as you can. Do you follow me, so far?"

Yes. Arnold (quite in the dark) followed, so far.

"Very good," pursued Sir Patrick. "You go to the marriage-shop, and get a wife. You take her on the understanding—let us say—that she has lovely yellow hair, that she has an exquisite complexion, that her figure is the perfection of plumpness, and that she is just tall enough to carry the plumpness off. You bring her home, and you discover that it's the old story of the sugar over again. Your wife is an adulterated article. Her lovely yellow hair is—dye. Her exquisite skin is—pearl powder. Her plumpness is—padding. And three inches of her height are—in the boot-maker's heels. Shut your eyes, and swallow your adulterated wife as you swallow your adulterated sugar—and, I tell you again, you are one of the few men who can try the marriage experiment with a fair chance of success."

With that he uncrossed his legs again, and looked hard at Arnold. Arnold read the lesson, at last, in the right way. He gave up the hopeless attempt to circumvent Sir Patrick, and—come what might of it—dashed at a direct allusion to Sir Patrick's niece.

"That may be all very true, Sir, of some young ladies," he said. "There is one I know of, who is nearly related to you, and who doesn't deserve what you have said of the rest of them."

This was coming to the point. Sir Patrick showed his approval of Arnold's frankness by coming to the point himself, as readily as his own whimsical humor would let him.

"Is this female phenomenon my niece?" he inquired.

"Yes, Sir Patrick."

"May I ask how you know that my niece is not an adulterated article, like the rest of them?"

Arnold's indignation loosened the last restraints that tied Arnold's tongue. He exploded in the three words which mean three volumes in every circulating library in the kingdom.

"I love her."

Sir Patrick sat back in his chair, and stretched out his legs luxuriously.

"That's the most convincing answer I ever heard in my life," he said.

"I'm in earnest!" cried Arnold, reckless by this time of every consideration but one. "Put me to the test, Sir! put me to the test!"

"Oh, very well. The test is easily put." He looked at Arnold, with the irrepressible humor twinkling merrily in his eyes, and twitching sharply at the corners of his lips. "My niece has a beautiful complexion. Do you believe in her complexion?"

"There's a beautiful sky above our heads," returned Arnold. "I believe in the sky."

"Do you?" retorted Sir Patrick. "You were evidently never caught in a shower. My niece has an immense quantity of hair. Are you convinced that it all grows on her head?"

"I defy any other woman's head to produce the like of it!"

"My dear Arnold, you greatly underrate the existing resources of the trade in hair! Look into the shop-windows. When you next go to London pray look into the shop-windows. In the mean time, what do you think of my niece's figure?"

"Oh, come! there can't be any doubt about *that!* Any man, with eyes in his head, can see it's the loveliest figure in the world."

Sir Patrick laughed softly, and crossed his legs again.

"My good fellow, of course it is! The loveliest figure in the world is the commonest thing in the world. At a rough guess, there are forty ladies at this lawn party. Every one of them possesses a beautiful figure. It varies in price; and when it's particularly seductive, you may swear it comes from Paris. Why, how you stare! When I asked you what you thought of my niece's figure, I meant—how much of it comes from Nature, and how much of it comes from the Shop? I don't know, mind! Do you?"

"I'll take my oath to every inch of it!"

"Shop?"

"Nature!"

Sir Patrick rose to his feet; his satirical humor was silenced at last.

"If ever I have a son," he thought to himself, "that son shall go to sea!" He took Arnold's arm, as a preliminary to putting an end to Arnold's suspense. "If I *can* be serious about any thing," he resumed, "it's time to be serious with you. I am convinced of the sincerity of your attachment. All I know of you is in your favor, and your birth and position are beyond dispute. If you have Blanche's consent, you have mine." Arnold attempted to express his gratitude. Sir Patrick, declining to hear him, went on. "And remember this, in the future. When you next want any thing that I can give you, ask for it plainly. Don't attempt to mystify *me* on the next occasion, and I will promise, on my side, not to mystify *you*. There, that's understood. Now about this journey of yours to see your estate. Property has its duties, Master Arnold, as well as its rights. The time is fast approaching when its rights will be disputed, if its duties are not performed. I have got a new interest in you, and I mean to see that you do your duty. It's settled you are to leave Windygates to-day. Is it arranged how you are to go?"

"Yes, Sir Patrick. Lady Lundie has kindly ordered the gig to take me to the station, in time for the next train."

"When are you to be ready?"

Arnold looked at his watch. "In a quarter of an hour."

"Very good. Mind you *are* ready. Stop a minute! you will have plenty of time to speak to Blanche when I have done with you. You don't appear to me to be sufficiently anxious about seeing your own property."

"I am not very anxious to leave Blanche, Sir—that's the truth of it."

"Never mind Blanche. Blanche is not business. They both begin with a B—and that's the only connection between them. I hear you have got one of the finest houses in this part of Scotland. How long are you going to stay in it?"

"I have arranged (as I have already told you, Sir) to return to Windygates the day after to-morrow."

"What! Here is a man with a palace waiting to receive him—and he is only going to stop one clear day in it!"

"I am not going to stop in it at all, Sir Patrick—I am going to stay with the steward. I'm only wanted to be present to-morrow at a dinner to my tenants—and, when that's over, there's nothing in the world to prevent my coming back here. The steward himself told me so in his last letter."

"Oh, if the steward told you so, of course there is nothing more to be said!"

"Don't object to my coming back! pray don't, Sir Patrick! I'll promise to live in my new house, when I have got Blanche to live in it with me. If you won't mind, I'll go and tell her at once that it all belongs to her as well as to me."

"Gently! gently! you talk as if you were married to her already!"

"It's as good as done, Sir! Where's the difficulty in the way now?"

As he asked the question the shadow of some third person, advancing from the side of the summer-house, was thrown forward on the open sunlit space at the top of the steps. In a moment more the shadow was followed by the substance—in the shape of a groom in his riding livery. The man was plainly a stranger to the place. He started, and touched his hat, when he saw the two gentlemen in the summer-house.

"What do you want?" asked Sir Patrick.

"I beg your pardon, Sir; I was sent by my master—"

"Who is your master?"

"The Honorable Mr. Delamayn, Sir."

"Do you mean Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn?" asked Arnold.

"No, Sir. Mr. Geoffrey's brother—Mr. Julius. I have ridden over from the house, Sir, with a message from my master to Mr. Geoffrey."

"Can't you find him?"

"They told me I should find him hereabouts, Sir. But I'm a stranger, and don't rightly know where to look." He stopped, and took a card out of his pocket. "My master said it was very important I should deliver this immediately. Would you be pleased to tell me, gentlemen, if you happen to know where Mr. Geoffrey is?"

Arnold turned to Sir Patrick. "I haven't seen him. Have you?"

"I have smelt him," answered Sir Patrick, "ever since I have been in the summer-house. There is a detestable taint of tobacco in the air—suggestive (disagreeably suggestive to *my* mind) of your friend, Mr. Delamayn."

Arnold laughed, and stepped outside the summer-house.

"If you are right, Sir Patrick, we will find him at once." He looked around, and shouted, "Geoffrey!"

A voice from the rose-garden shouted back, "Hullo!"

"You're wanted. Come here!"

Geoffrey appeared, sauntering doggedly, with his pipe in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets.

"Who wants me?"

"A groom—from your brother."

That answer appeared to electrify the lounging and lazy athlete. Geoffrey hurried, with eager steps, to the summer-house. He addressed the groom before the man had time to speak. With horror and dismay in his face, he exclaimed:

"By Jupiter! Ratcatcher has relapsed!"

Sir Patrick and Arnold looked at each other in blank amazement.

"The best horse in my brother's stables!" cried Geoffrey, explaining, and appealing to them, in a breath. "I left written directions with the coachman; I measured out his physic for three days; I bled him," said Geoffrey, in a voice broken by emotion—"I bled him myself, last night."

"I beg your pardon, Sir—" began the groom.

"What's the use of begging my pardon? You're a pack of infernal fools! Where's your horse? I'll ride back, and break every bone in the coachman's skin! Where's your horse?"

"If you please, Sir, it isn't Ratcatcher. Ratcatcher's all right."

"Ratcatcher's all right? Then what the devil is it?"

"It's a message, Sir."

"About what?"

"About my lord."

"Oh! About my father?" He took out his handkerchief, and passed it over his forehead, with a deep gasp of relief. "I thought it was Ratcatcher," he said, looking at Arnold, with a smile. He put his pipe into his mouth, and rekindled the dying ashes of the tobacco. "Well?" he went on, when the pipe was in working order, and his voice was composed again. "What's up with my father?"

"A telegram from London, Sir. Bad news of my lord."

The man produced his master's card.

Geoffrey read on it (written in his brother's handwriting) these words:

"I have only a moment to scribble a line on my card. Our father is dangerously ill—his lawyer has been sent for. Come with me to London by the first train. Meet at the junction."

Without a word to any one of the three persons present, all silently looking at him, Geoffrey consulted his watch. Anne had told him to wait half an hour, and to assume that she had gone if he failed to hear from her in that time. The interval had passed—and no communication of any sort had reached him. The flight from the house had been safely accomplished. Anne Silvester was, at that moment, on her way to the mountain inn.

MY NEIGHBORS.

> —Like a sick man's dreams,
> Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.
> FRANCIS.

IN a convalescent state, after a serious illness that had rendered me wholly incapable of mental exertion, I sat in my arm-chair by the fire, while on the table near me lay a volume of Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew," and another containing a portion of the history of the renowned Pantagruel. I had been dreamily turning over the leaves of both, and had been much impressed by a chapter in the one last named, that described how Alcofribas (as Rabelais called himself) ascended the giant's outstretched tongue, and thus entering his mouth, discovered therein a new world, the inhabitants of which had the vaguest notions of every thing that passed beyond their own sphere.

"Is not every one in London," I asked myself, "much in the condition of the man who planted cabbages within the precincts of Pantagruel's jaws, and only had the faintest knowledge that there was another world illumined by a sun and moon? I have lived at least six years in this house, and what do I know of a certain Miss Thugleigh, who lives next door, and of whose ugly name I should never have heard, had not a letter, directed to her, been brought to me accidentally by the postman? She has never left home at any time when I have been looking out of window; she is never in her garden, which, by-the-way, is in a most neglected state. I am only reminded of her existence by an occasional noise. In London and its suburbs, save by some rare accident, is not every one in pretty nearly the same position as I am with respect to Miss Thugleigh? I know rather more of the man who is her next-door neighbor on the other side, and whose name seems to be Bubblesworth, for the artist who comes to shave me tells me that he has his hair curled every morning, evidently intending to hold up a good example before my eyes. But knowledge like this is the very reverse of exhaustive."

The pursuit of this foolish train of thought had caused me to rise from my chair, and I was staring vacantly into the glass on my mantlepiece when my attention was suddenly arrested by a remarkable phenomenon. The movements of the reflected figure did not correspond to my own. If I stirred it remained still, or moved in a different manner. The eyes alone, which were fixed on mine, obeyed the ordinary laws of reflection. Presently, my own arms being folded, the figure extended one of its hands. I extended a hand too, and the figure, slightly inclining forward, grasped it firmly. Instinctively I endeavored to extricate myself, but so far was I from succeeding that I felt myself pulled toward the glass. The figure, then, was a reality, and a very muscular reality too, for I could not resist it. Whither was I going? It was soon evident that there was no glass at all, but an aperture in the wall surrounded by a gilt frame, behind which was a room precisely corresponding to my own. The position was alarming.

On—on I was pulled, and for a few seconds found myself enveloped in darkness. I seemed conscious of nothing but vacuity, when suddenly the grasp ceased, and I was once more in the light, seated at a table, opposite to a venerable old lady, whose white hair, neatly parted from the middle of the forehead, was surmounted by the most respectable of caps. She was absorbed in the perusal of a large book, which lay open before her. Not knowing how I should be received, I refrained from interrupting her studies, and took a leisurely survey of the room.

In shape it was a prism. The ceiling and floor were equilateral triangles, and the walls were, consequently, three in number. The table, too, was triangular, so were the seats of the chairs, each of which had three legs, and a huge bird-cage, containing a vulture, was in keeping with the furniture. Door, window, or fire-place, there was none; the only admission to fresh air being afforded by a triangular ventilator, immediately under the ceiling. On the few shelves which broke the monotony of the walls were placed some old books, two or three bottles, and several knives or daggers of Oriental fashion. But the most singular object was a hideous Indian idol, like those that represent the horrible wife of Siva, which stood in a corner, and before which was a prismatic stone, exactly similar in its proportions to the room.

"Well, George," said the old lady, suddenly raising her eyes from her book, and looking at me full in the face, "so you have condescended to visit me at last."

Though my name is not George, I felt that I was the person addressed, so I began politely to deny the condescension.

"Pooh-pooh! never mind compliments. You are here, and that is the great matter. I see you are rather astonished at the appearance of my room. It is somewhat close; but then it's very snug, and quite good enough for a simple body like me."

"Unique in its structure, at any rate," I said, endeavoring to admire. "I am rather curious to know how one enters it."

"Indeed, I wonder at that, when you yourself found your way so readily," she replied, with a slight laugh.

I felt uneasy, for I did not care to describe my passage through the glass; but the old lady did not seem anxious for an explanation, since she immediately added, "It would not do to have a room too easy of access, when things of this sort are flying about."

With these words, she opened a drawer in her table and took out a printed hand-bill, with the formidable heading, "One Hundred Pounds Reward." This she placed in my hands, and I learned from its contents that a butcher-boy had been missed by his employers, under circumstances that led to the suspicion of murder, and that the reward was offered for the apprehension of the supposed assassins.

"Luckily he did not live in the neighborhood. But on the whole it is better not to venture beyond beggars and ticket-of-leave men."

"Venture what?" I inquired.

"Immolation!" was the reply.

"Immo——" I faltered. "Then it is your opinion that the unhappy boy was really murdered?"

"Really immolated? Of course I do. It would be very absurd if I thought otherwise when I performed the sacrifice with my own hands."

"Atrocious wretch!—" I began.

"Hoity-toity!" interposed the old lady. "Don't let us lose our tempers."

And really when I looked at her calm face, I felt that wrath was impossible. She was some harmless lunatic, who owned to crimes she had never committed.

"I bore the boy no ill-will," she proceeded; "he was as well-behaved a lad as one would wish to see. I would gladly have given the preference to a mischievous little vagabond, who rings my bell regularly every Saturday afternoon, in celebration, I suppose, of his half-holiday; but the butcher-boy came handy, and when one can't have what one wants, one must take what one can get."

"But why mur—that is, immolate any body?" I inquired, intending to humor her delusion.

"That I can easily explain," she replied. "You have doubtless heard that there is in India a secret sect of devotees, who term themselves Thugs."

"I have read of that detestable fraternity in the 'Wandering Jew' of Eugene Sue," I responded.

"Your strong expression, at which I take no offense, shows that you are not unacquainted with our principles. I am a Thug, and veil the fact by assuming the name of Thugleigh."

It struck me that a thicker veil might have been afforded by the name of Smith or Brown, but I did not interrupt.

"I therefore, on principle," she proceeded, "offer at least once a month a human sacrifice to the Goddess Bowanee, whose effigy you see in that corner."

"I would rather not have known this circumstance," said I. "Indeed, as your society is, as you say, secret, it seems to me that you break your rules by making me your confidant."

"Not at all," she remarked, smiling. "I am convinced that my secret will not go any further."

"You have a high opinion of my discretion," I rejoined, endeavoring to look flattered.

"I have no opinion whatever on the subject," she calmly remarked. "For all I know to the contrary, you may be the veriest chatter-box in the universe. But of this I am sure, that dead men tell no tales, and I have selected you for the next victim. Now don't be alarmed. If you do not like it, you shall not suffer any pain." (While talking thus she advanced toward a shelf.) "It would, indeed, be more regular to strangle you with a white scarf, or to slay you with one of these knives; but as you are a victim of a superior order I can afford to dispense with extreme formalities, and allow you to swallow the contents of the little vial I now place in your hands."

"Poison?" I inquired, with horror.

"Yes," she answered, "and of so efficacious a kind that it will extinguish life in a moment, without the slightest pain or inconvénience. When you have expired, your body will be conveyed through this aperture, through which many —ah, how many!—have passed before."

With this she touched a spring, whereupon the idol sunk behind the stone, and exhibited a hideous face, painted on the wall, with a wide mouth opening on darkness.

Horror gave place to indignation.

"This is all very well, madam," said I; "but if you are a lunatic I am not bound on that account to swallow poison, and to be put out of sight like a posted letter."

"Resistance is useless," she said, drawing forth a revolver, and pointing it full in my face. "This might hurt you, whereas the vial causes no suffering whatever. You had better choose the latter."

I had never realized till that moment the feelings of Fair Rosamond.

"And when," she proceeded, "the goddess grows impatient, the jaws of her provider are more extended."

This was the fact, and I was inspired with a sudden resolution. One road of escape was obvious, and, in a fit of desperation, I leaped into the open mouth, head-foremost, like a harlequin.

Again a few moments of darkness, during which I heard a shriek of female rage; and when this had passed I found myself in a neat little study, looking at a slim gentleman, trimly dressed, and especially remarkable for the perfect arrangement of his hair. He seemed to be rather startled.

"Well, James," he said, "you need not have taken me unawares like this. I did not so much as hear you knock."

My name is not James; but rejoiced as I was to find myself in a room where the image of Bowanee was not part of the furniture, I did not deem it expedient to correct the error. Indeed, I was beginning to stammer out an apology, when he fortunately prevented me by saying, quickly:

"No matter—no matter. I am only too happy to show you the successful result of my little experiments."

I expressed, in turn, my happiness at the proposed instruction; he proceeded thus:

"The greatest discoveries in practical science often, as you are aware, have a comparatively childish beginning. The steam-engine itself was, in its earliest form, a toy; and it was by means of a boy's kite that Franklin drew the electric spark from the clouds. I have devoted myself to bubbles. You smile"—I had done nothing of the sort—"I do not refer to those hollow commercial enterprises which are stigmatized by that name, but to bona fide bubbles such as urchins are in the habit of blowing from an ordinary tobacco-pipe. Just watch me now."

So saying, he dipped the bowl of an ordinary pipe into a small basin of fluid, and, with evident exertion, blew a fair round bubble, which, when detached, rested upon the table.

"Just touch that," he said.

I did so: the bubble did not burst, but was as firm as if it had been made of glass.

"Now you see the nature of my invention," he continued, smiling with evident satisfaction. "I add to the saponaceous fluid, vulgarly termed soap-and-water, an ingredient the nature of which I shall not reveal, and which has the effect of rendering the bubble permanent. You may dash that bubble against the ground, or strike it with a hammer—still it will not break. All you have to avoid is a contact with fire. Observe!"

He lighted a lucifer-match and applied it to the bubble, which, with a report like that of a small cannon, exploded so instantly that he was thrown to the ground as if stricken by a thunderbolt. However, he rose smiling, and, rubbing the part that had been most inconvenienced by the fall, quietly said:

"There is no occasion to repeat the experiment?"

"Decidedly not," was my remark. "There is one point, however, on which I am curious. I can not sufficiently admire the singularity of your discovery, but I am at a loss to perceive its use."

"Oh, that I can easily explain," was his reply. "Not only have I discovered the ingredient which hardens the saponaceous fluid, but I have invented a method of blowing which enables me to inclose whatever object I please within the precincts of a bubble. Look here!"

He opened a cabinet and showed me a collection of humming-birds, butterflies, statuettes, and other objects that are commonly put under glass cases, each inclosed in a hardened bubble. I acknowledged that the invention was admirable.

"Yes," he said, "I think it is; and it will soon go forth to the world as Bubblesworth's patent. But I have not come to that yet. Just sit for a few minutes in that chair while I prepare to astonish you with an application of my principle."

I complied with his request, and he slipped behind the chair. Presently I was aware that there was something like a medium between me and the surrounding objects, and, throwing my head back, perceived that Mr. Bubblesworth had actually inclosed me in an enormous transparent sphere, streaked with brilliant colors, which resisted my touch as though it had been of iron. I was manifestly a prisoner, but the spherical wall of my prison gradually receded till it was beyond the reach of my outstretched hands. Soon the gay prismatic colors that played in streams around me began to assume definite shapes; some of which, apparently, were distant from me several miles, while others were in my immediate vicinity.

I was standing near a neat whitewashed cottage, in front of which, seated by a table, on which stood a foaming jug, was a jolly old gentleman of the conventional type, which we often find repeated in engravings of the last century as the embodiment of rural felicity in advanced years. To sit alone smoking and drinking all through a whole summer evening, with a fat face that smiled benignantly upon nothing, was long the summit of human bliss in the eyes of many well-meaning artists who wished to contrast the innocent pleasures of the country with the riot and dissipation of the town.

"This is an uncommonly pretty country, Sir," I observed to the ideal farmer.

"Yes, Sir, it is," he replied, "though it is so far from the station; and perhaps for that very reason. Ah, there were no railroads when I was a boy!"

"You came here young?" I asked.

"Came here? I was born here in this house, and this very day is my eightieth birthday."

I instinctively glanced upward toward the sky, as if to catch the face of Mr. Bubblesworth, to whom I would willingly have referred the doubts that arose in my mind. But nothing was above me save the pure azure. I could address no one but the old gentleman himself.

"My question may appear very ignorant, Sir," I said, "but what county is this?"

"This," he answered, "is Soapshire, on the borders of Bubblesex."

I discovered at once the etymological origin of these strange names; but still I scarcely durst trust my ears. "I have heard," I said, "of Shropshire and Middlesex."

"Have you?" interrupted the old gentleman; "that's more than I have. Maybe you have traveled in foreign parts. However, this is Soapshire, and if you cross the river you see yonder you'll find yourself in Thughamptonshire."

Soapshire—Bubblesex—Thughamptonshire—odd names! Not only was I still somehow in the old world, but there was a slight connecting link between me and my immediate neighbors.

"Did you ever go to any church in Thughamptonshire?" I asked.

"Not very often; but I have done such a thing," was the reply.

"Ha! and in the course of his sermon did the minister make any mention of—of Bowanee?"

"No; I can't say as he did—leastways, while I was awake. But I tell you what—in the church-yard of Thugton, which is the chief market-town, there is a little hill or mound like which they call Bony-Barrow; and the story goes that a great many butcher-boys are buried there who were sacrificed by the Druids, as they call them, in the days of the ancient Britons."

"Ha!" I exclaimed, with intense interest.

"A very curious thing that barrow. Some men who were digging there some twenty years ago found a stone figure of a woman with a lot of hands, and you may see it now in Thugton Museum. But it is getting dusk. I think I may as well send up my fire-balloon."

"Fire-balloon?"

"Yes; my great-grandson, who goes to the grammar-school of Thugton-cum-Sue, sent me one as a present for my eightieth birthday. You must know that I was born at eight o'clock in the evening, so it was the boy's fancy that I should send it up exactly at that time, that he might be reminded of the old man at a distance. It is a singular thing that a man who was born at eight o'clock should live to be eighty."

I might have told him that, inasmuch as I had encountered many things much more singular, this last marvel was somewhat ineffective; but as the effect of the lucifer-match when applied to the surface of the bubble was present to my mind, I did not care to dispute about trifles.

"I think that fire-balloon might be dangerous," I remarked.

"Not at all—not at all," replied the old gentleman; "and if it does set alight a hay-stack or so, I don't mind on an occasion like this. I may never live to see any other birthday."

"That I think exceedingly probable," I remarked, "if you persist in sending up this balloon."

"Why, what has that to do with it? You don't suppose I shall set the sky on fire!" (That was the very thing I did suppose.) "I have heard of folks setting the river Semaht on fire, but as for the sky—ho! ho! ho!"

I shall not describe the preparations made for the ascent of the fire-balloon. The old gentleman unfolded it, lighted the tow in the little basket that hung from it as a car, and, as it slowly arose, watched it with delight and admiration. Up—up—it went, and down—down—went my heart. In the distance it appeared little more than a spark. Bang! Cottage—old man—trees—all were gone.

I was sitting in my arm-chair by the fire, and a coal which had just popped out of the grate lay smoking on the hearth.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WINTER, with his nipping, frosty breath, has fairly come. Old folks shiver, and draw their mufflers more closely; but not so the young, whose blood is warm and quick. The school-boy throws up his hat with a shout at the sight of the first snow-flakes, noisily drags down his sled from the attic, and, with a tenderness and nicety quite foreign to his nature, polishes up his favorite skates. Even the young girl looks longingly from the window after her frolicsome brother, and wishes no frills and flounces kept her from sliding with him on those patches of ice in the street. But what a blessed thing it is for girls that fashion has compromised a little, and that the exhilarating amusement of skating is nowadays considered an excellent recreation, not for boys only, but for every body!

The summer and autumn beauties of the Central Park have all departed; but the ponds remain, and the Park Commissioners provide most excellent accommodations for the votaries of the skatorial art, and never fail to be ready to receive the first substantial visit of Jack Frost. The largest of the three Park ponds is situated north of the Mall, about Seventieth Street; the second in size is near Fifth Avenue and One Hundred and Tenth Street; while the smallest is near Fifty-ninth Street, between the Fifth and Sixth avenue entrances to the Park.

Speaking of the Park reminds us of a comical incident, which, though in nowise connected with the subject of skating, was what a throng of jolly skaters would have enjoyed immensely—if they had only been on hand. A few days ago the elephants of the Park were brought out of their stalls in the old Arsenal, for the purpose of having their "pictures" taken. The old elephant behaved with great decorum, and stood as still as if he had been used to having his likeness taken once a week all his life. But the photographer had a terrible time with the "baby elephant," who, like other babies, *would* not hold his head still or look toward the camera. He persisted in turning around, and a photograph of his tail was not exactly what was wanted. Coaxing did no good, neither did beating, and finally the young fellow escaped from his keeper, and ran off at the top of his speed. A ludicrous scene followed, the keeper rushing after the fugitive amidst the audibly expressed chagrin of the artist and the laughing shouts of the spectators. The big baby was captured at length, and was so out of breath that he could do nothing else but stand still, like a good child, until his picture was taken.

Poor fellow! An eighty-foot whale ran aground in shallow water in the Firth of Forth, about twelve miles from Edinburgh, two or three weeks ago, and it was serious business for him. He received about thirty salutes, namely, rifle-bullets.

A sad account of the sufferings of the Fernando Po prisoners was recently given in a lecture in this city by Señor Barenque, who, with a small party, fortunately escaped from the island. Early last spring two hundred and fifty prisoners were sent from Havana to that desolate spot. After a voyage of seventy-five days, during which they suffered severely from hunger, they were directed to go ashore, with the cool remark that they were at liberty to pursue their ordinary avocations! The population of the island consists chiefly of natives, who are almost if not quite savages. There were few provision stores, and the distress for food became very great. The heat was intense and the climate insalubrious. Consequently nearly one-half the prisoners were sick within a week after their arrival.

Ruskin is reported to have lately given four of his books to a new library in England, with the remark that they were the only works of his which he wished to be read in their present form. These books were: "Queen of the Air," "Ethics of the Dust," "Crown of Olive," and "Unto this Last."

A new Northern Lights theory is credited to Dr. Hall; namely, that the Northern Lights are the reflected rays of the sun, thrown back and forth by the ice and snow of the arctic regions and the clouds surrounding the pole.

About the time of the first issue of "greenbacks" by the Government, there was some discussion about placing an appropriate Scriptural motto upon the bills, in accordance with an old custom of stamping one upon coins. Secretary Chase consulted with several persons, among others the president of a Philadelphia bank. After mentioning several Scriptural texts that had occurred to him, the Secretary asked the banker's opinion. "Perhaps," was the reply, "the most appropriate would be, 'Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have I give thee.'" But we have not seen that text on any of *our* "greenbacks."

Marceil, a village in France, is the scene of some singular archæological discoveries. While digging for the foundations of a house the workmen came upon a quantity of human bones and various antiquities. The results of the discovery so far have been 237 skeletons, ninety-one earthen vases, five of glass, twenty-three lances, nine javelins, eight hatchets, and a quantity of necklaces, ear-rings, and beads. The skeletons are those of a race of men of tall stature, some measuring six feet four inches.

An accident of a fearful nature occurred on November 21 in a church in Lexington, Kentucky. A prominent member of the church had died, and a large number of people had gathered to attend the funeral exercises. While the services were in progress the floor of the building gave way, and precipitated the entire audience into the basement. Six persons were known to be killed at once, and about one hundred and fifty injured, many of them seriously.

England thinks more of America than she did twenty-five years ago. Such a republic as ours can not be overlooked now by any nation, ever so proud. In 1843 the British Museum had only 1000 works relating to America. Now it has upward of 100,000.

A new method of making water-proof fabrics is announced, the operation being simple, but requiring care. The cloth is first submitted to the action of moderately strong sulphuric acid, the time of such action varying with the nature of the fabric, but never exceeding two minutes. A thorough washing follows, and when dried the material is ready for use. The action of the acid is to decompose the wool or cotton fibres into a glutinous material, the gum filling up the spaces between the threads, and thereby preventing the passage of water.

The Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association has begun a good work, by which the young men of that city may receive educational advantages similar to those offered by the Cooper Institute. Classes of instruction are to be organized, and a course of weekly scientific lectures by able men has been already commenced. The membership fee is placed at two dollars, which entitles the bearer to attend the lectures, classes, library, and social reunions, besides three first-class concerts in the Academy of Music.

What a fortunate circumstance that the twentieth of December does not happen in midsummer! Else how could the eighty-eight weighty members of the Fat Men's Association endure to "dance all night" on that occasion, as they propose to do? We hope for their sakes that the night of the twentieth will be clear and cold!

The system of free delivery of all letters directed to street and number is about to be introduced into San Francisco. The total number of letters received in the post-office of that city is about six thousand daily —nearly one-half of which are distributed through the general delivery by clerks. About twelve hundred dead-letters are each week forwarded to Washington—the persons to whom they are addressed not being found. Something like ten thousand letters are daily sent away from the San Francisco office. The free delivery system was inaugurated in New York city in 1863, and its advantages soon fully established. The plan has been adopted in many of the principal cities of the United States.

The life of a French bank-note averages about two or three years, terminating only when in a very shaky condition. No matter how dilapidated it is, if the cashier of the bank can identify it—and he will take infinite pains to do so—he will give the owner a new note for the old one. Very few notes are actually lost. During the last sixty-seven years 24,000 bank-notes of 1000 francs each have been issued, and of this number, according to the latest reports, 23,958 had been returned to the bank, leaving only forty-two unaccounted for. Of 500-franc notes 24,935 had been returned out of 25,000. When notes are too worn to be in circulation, they are canceled, incarcerated in a huge oaken chest, and then a conflagration takes place. A great fire is kindled in an open court; the defunct notes are thrown into a sort of revolving wire cage over the fire; the cage is kept rotating, and the minute fragments of ash, whirled out of the cage through the meshes, take their flight into infinite space—no one knows whither.

Rufus Choate's handwriting was proverbial for its illegibility. Daniel Webster used to say that the word "*would*," as Mr. Choate wrote it, resembled a small gridiron struck by lightning!

During the year 1868, and the first half of 1869, the English National Life-Boat Institution contributed to the saving of 1270 lives from various shipwrecks, and 32 vessels from destruction. The Institution has now 207 life-boat stations under its management.

A French journal thus graphically describes M. Rochefort's appearance at a recent political gathering: "Tall, thin—very thin, thin as a skeleton. Head more than pale—of a color not to be defined, between the creamy white and greenish blue of the electric light. Cheek-bones prominent, eyes hollow, forehead high, a chin terminated with what the Yankees call a barbiche—uncombed into the bargain; an irregular nose—every thing angular—hair like independent brushwood—short jacket—black hat. He enters. 'Vive Rochefort!' He demands a few moment's repose. 'Vive Rochefort!' Some one speaks before him. 'Vive Rochefort!' He ascends the tribune. 'Vive Rochefort!'"

The Empress Eugénie appeared several times before her departure for the East with her hair dressed without any ornament whatever. Such extreme simplicity was alarming to her followers, who had not, like Eugénie, a profusion of crown diamonds to scatter over their elegant dresses, as a compensating contrast.

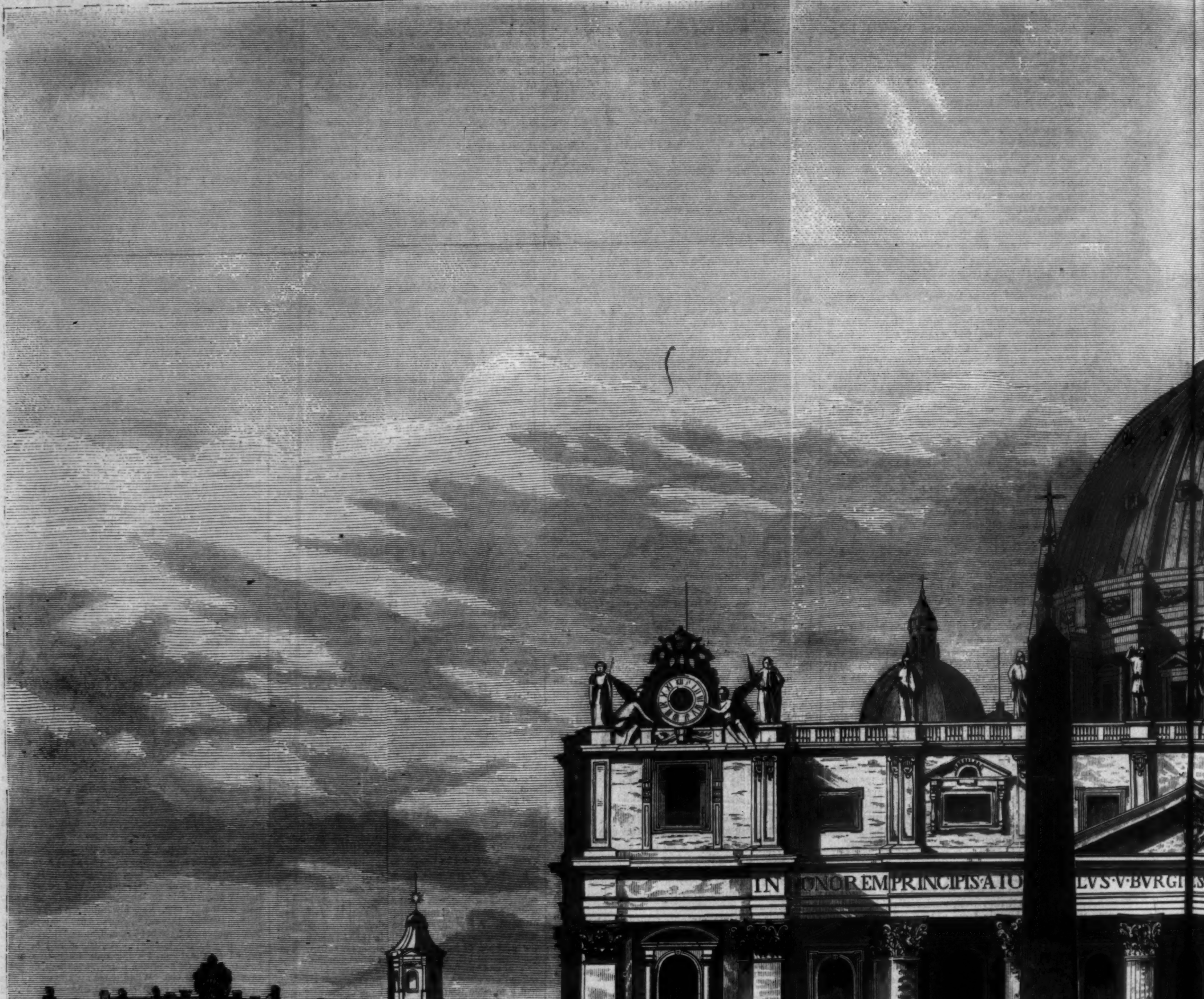
Mr. J. W. Gerard was once trying an action involving a right of way, which his client claimed, through the lands of the defendant. The late James T. Brady was counsel for the latter. Mr. Gerard was explaining to the jury, upon diagrams, where his client had a right to go.

"You don't mean to say," interrupted Mr. Brady, "that the plaintiff has a right to go in that direction?"

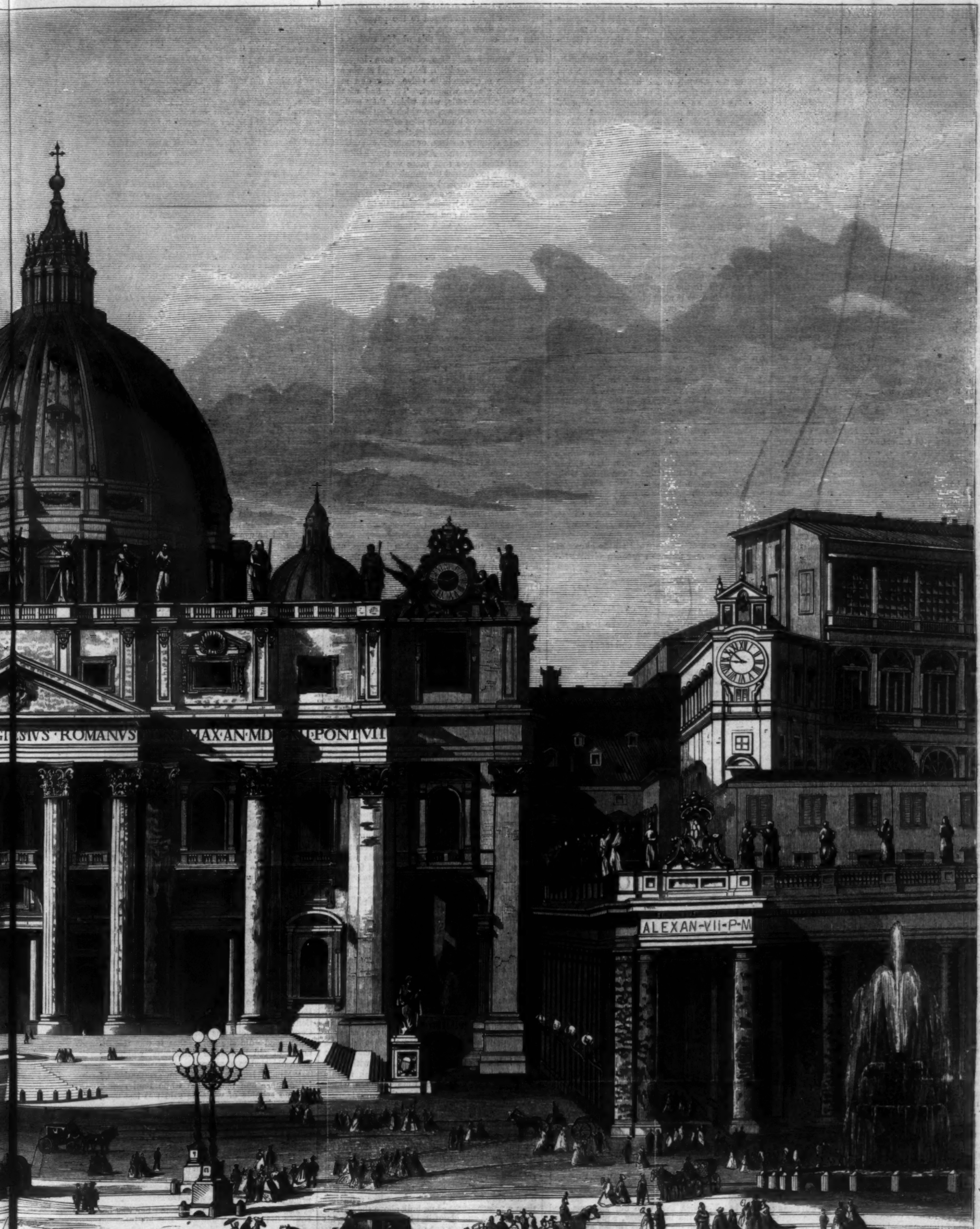
"Certainly I do," replied Mr. Gerard.

"Why," said Mr. Brady, impulsively, "you might as well say I have a right to come into your house as often as I please."

"So you have, my dear fellow," exclaimed Mr. Gerard. "Won't you come and dine with me to-morrow?"



THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL—VIEW OF THE CHURCH OF ST. PE S,


GI·SIVS·ROMANVS
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PETER'S, ROME, WHERE THE COUNCIL IS TO BE HELD.—[SEE PAGE 794.]

THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

It is only four or five days after the publication of this sheet that the Œcumenical Council is to assemble at Rome. The Council is to be held, December 8, at

THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER.

This church, which Gibbon styles "the most glorious structure that has ever been applied to the use of religion," occupies the site of a basilica built by Constantine in 306. The foundations were laid by Julius II. in 1506, and in 1626 the building was dedicated by Urban VIII., its erection having been spread over the reigns of twenty Popes, and carried on by twelve different architects. Bramante planned the building in the form of a Greek cross, which Raphael changed to a Latin cross; but Michael Angelo returned to the original form. The latter designed the dome. Maderno resumed the Latin cross form, and added the *façade*. The situation of the building—in a hollow surrounded on three sides by hills—is unfortunate. The interior is unrivaled for grandeur and beauty; so exquisite are the proportions that the vast size is scarcely noticed by the beholder. The dome is regarded as the triumph of modern architecture. The principal dimensions of the church are as follow: Length of interior, 618 feet; breadth of the nave and aisles, 197¾ feet; height of nave, 152 feet; diameter of dome, 195 feet; height from the pavement to the base of the lantern, 405 feet. The semicircular colonnades on each side of the piazza, in front of the church, form, along with the covered galleries that extend from them to the portico, a magnificent approach to St. Peter's.

Elaborate preparations have been made in that part of the church which has been fitted as a council-hall. The walls have been adorned with portraits of eminent churchmen; the floor is covered with a costly carpet presented by the King of Prussia; and galleries have been erected for the reporters of the Council, embassadors, royal personages, and other persons of rank. The Pope will preside in person, and the language used at the Council will be Latin.

THE COUNCIL

About to be held will be attended, it is expected, by about 700 prelates, each of whom will be accompanied by three ecclesiastics; thus, with the abbots, the generals of the religious orders, etc., there will be more than 3000 members of the clergy specially attached to the assembly. The population of Rome already includes 15,000 ecclesiastics.

The Council will be purely ecclesiastical, since it is unsupported by the civil authorities of any nation. In this respect it will materially differ from the last great Œcumenical Council—that of Trent, held about the middle of the sixteenth century. It is, therefore, less capable of mischief. The Council of Trent, as a writer in *Harper's Magazine* for December asserts, "spread irreconcilable enmity among nations. It leagued the warriors and the priests in a deadly assault upon the working-man. It declared war against the factory and the work-shop, the printing-press and the school. It crushed the industry of Italy and Spain; it banished the frugal and thoughtful Huguenots from France; it strove in vain to make Holland a desolate waste, and to blight in its serpent-folds the rising intellect of Europe; it aimed vain blows at the genius of Germany and the North; it held in bondage for three miserable centuries the mind of the decaying South. To the Council of Trent, by an easy deduction, may be traced the great war which Charles V. waged against his German subjects, and the disastrous crusades of his son Philip against the Netherlands and Queen Elizabeth; the wild rancor of the League and the Guises; the persecutions, worse than those of Diocletian, of Louis XIV.; the Thirty Years' War, in which Wallenstein and Tilly made half Germany a blood-stained wilderness; the fatal bigotry of Austria; the tyranny of Spain. It was a flame of discord, a harbinger of strife; and to the student of history no spectacle is more startling than that torrent of woe which descended upon mankind from the deliberations and the anathemas of a scanty gathering of bishops and Jesuits in the rocky heights of the Tyrol."

But, after all, though so powerful for a brief period, how futile has that Council been as against modern progress!

As to what is to be done at the forthcoming Council, that is now a subject of conjecture only. The protest of Father Hyacinthe indicates the apprehension which is entertained among liberal Catholics that the only hope of the Church—namely, a renovation from within itself—is about to be destroyed by the Pope and his Council. "Janus," the author (or we should rather say authors, as there are more than one) of a work just published on this subject, and himself evidently a Roman Catholic, speaks of a danger which "does not date from yesterday, and did not begin with the proclamation of the Council. For some twenty-four years the reactionary movement in the Catholic Church, which is now swollen to a mighty torrent, has been manifesting itself, and now it is preparing, like an advancing flood-tide, to take possession of the whole organic life of the Church by means of this Council." And he adds: "We are of their opinion who are persuaded, *first*, that the Catholic Church, far from assuming a hostile and suspicious attitude toward the principles of political, intellectual, and religious freedom and independence of judgment, in so far as they are capable of a Christian interpretation, or rather are directly derived from the letter and spirit of the Gospel, ought, on the contrary, to be in positive accord with them, and to exercise a constant purifying and ennobling influence on their development; *secondly*, that a great and searching reformation of the Church is necessary and inevitable, however long it may be evaded." Now, nobody expects that this Council is to promote these worthy ends.

In regard to the temporal power of the Church, "Janus" says: "We reject that doctrine and idea of the Church which has for years been commended by the organ of the Roman Jesuits as alone true, as the sole remaining anchor of deliverance for the perishing human race." The doctrine of Papal Infallibility "Janus" thinks would not only "cripple all intellectual movement and scientific activity in the Catholic Church," but would also "build up a new wall of partition, and that the strongest and most impenetrable of all, between that Church and the religious communities separated from her. We must renounce that dearest hope, which no Christian can banish from his breast, the hope of a future reunion of the divided Churches, both of the East and the West. For no one who is moderately acquainted with the history of the Eastern Church and of the Protestant bodies will seriously hold it to be conceivable that a time can ever come in which even any considerable portion of these Churches will subject itself, of its own free-will, to the arbitrary power of a single man, stretched, as it would be, through the doctrine of Infallibility, even beyond its present proportions."

"We know on good authority," says "Janus," "that the whole plan of the campaign for fixing the Infallibility dogma is already mapped out. An English prelate—we could name him—has undertaken at the commencement of proceedings to direct an humble petition to the Holy Father to raise the opinion of his infallibility to a dogma. The Jesuits and their Roman allies hope that the majority of bishops present, who have been already primed for the occasion, will accede by acclamation to this petition, and the Holy Father will gladly yield to the pressure coming on him spontaneously, and, as it were, through a sudden and irresistible inspiration from on high, and so the new dogma will be settled at one sitting, without further examination, as by the stroke of a magician's wand. As the Roman people are told after a Conclave, *Habemus Papam*, on the evening of this memorable sitting the news will go forth to the whole Catholic world, *Habemus Papam Infallibilem*. And before the newly-risen and bright sun of Divine truth all the ghosts of false science and forms of modern civilization will be scared away forever."

DEAD.

With closèd lips and closèd eyes,
Wrapt all in white, so white she lies;
Calm as a statue's carven face,
And, oh, so cold to love's embrace!

Her share in all our dealings gone,
Life, as we know it, hath she none;
Slid into slumber calm and deep,
A maiden sculptured in her sleep.

She was my own ere this befell;
Whose now she is I can not tell;
Man knows not—has no sense that saith
What this thing is that he calls Death.

And I but know that all my hopes
Lie like dead leaves on smitten slopes;
That though my evening is not yet,
The day-star of my life hath set.

Now all my thoughts will turn and tend
In one direction to the end;
And with the ghost of my dead Past,
Mem'ry will wander to the last.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book III.

CHAPTER III.

A COUSIN.

The carriage bearing Veronica rolled along smoothly down a long avenue. It was the road leading from an erst grand-ducal villa which stands on the top of an eminence—scarcely high enough to be termed a hill in a country of Alps and Apennines, but which is of very respectable altitude nevertheless, and is called the Poggio Imperiale. The avenue is flanked by cypress and ilex trees of ancient growth.

Veronica had heard her mother speak so much and so often of Florence that she thought she knew it. But coming to view city and suburb with her bodily eyes, she found every thing strange, foreign, and, on the score of beauty, disappointing. Later she understood the amazing picturesqueness of that storied town, and with every glance its attractions grew on her. But there are some places—as there is some music, and that among the noblest—which do not take at once the senses by storm, but need time and familiarity to develop their wealth of beauty and resource.

What Veronica saw with her unaccustomed eyes was, first, the long, dusty, squalid Roman road, into which the carriage turned at the foot of the avenue; then the Porta Romana, with its huge, yawning archway, through which carts of all kinds were struggling; those coming in having to stop to be examined by the officers of the town custom dues, and those going out pushing boldly through the gate and grazing wheels against the stationary vehicles.

Every body was talking very loudly. The few who really could by no exercise of ingenuity find any more articulate words to say, solaced themselves by half-uttered oaths and long-drawn, lugubrious howls addressed to the patient, lean beasts that drew the carts.

In odd contrast with this nimble energy of tongue, were the slow and languid movements of all concerned. The octroi men lounged against the walls on high, four-legged stools set out before a queer little office, very dim and dirty, with glazed windows. They had within reach long iron rods, with which they probed trusses of hay or straw, or which they thrust in among bundles of linen or piles of straw-colored flasks, or poked down amidst the legs of people sitting in country chaises, or under the box-seat of hackney-coachmen. And when they had thus satisfied themselves that there was no attempt being made to defraud the municipality of Florence of the tax on food and wine, and whatsoever other articles are subject to duty, they—always with ineffable languor—put their hands into their pockets again and bade the driver proceed. One man especially, with melancholy, dark eyes and a sallow face, uttered the permission to pass on, "Avanti!" in a tone of such profound and hopeless dejection, that one might have fancied him a guardian of that awful portal his great townsman wrote of, rather than a mortal custom-house officer at the city gate, and that he was warning the doomed victims: "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!"

Sir John Gale's carriage only paused for an instant in passing through the Porta Romana. The spirited horses chafed at the momentary check, and dashed on again rapidly over the resounding pavement.

A succession of objects seemed to flit past Veronica's eyes like the swift changes in a dream.

There was a long street paved with flat stones, fitted into each other angle for angle and point for point, like the pieces in a child's puzzle. There was in this street no side pavement for foot-passengers, and—the street being very full—the coachman kept uttering a warning cry at intervals, like a minute-gun. Indeed, as they approached the busier parts of the town, their pace was slackened perforce. No vehicle short of the car of Juggernaut could have ruthlessly kept up a steady progress through such a crowd.

There were houses of various styles and dimensions on either side of the long street, nearly all plastered; one or two, however, with a heavy cut-stone front to the basement-story. Every window had the inevitable green jalousies, and nearly every window had a group of heads framed in it, for it was a summer evening, and there were people taking the air—they called it pigliare il fresco, albeit it was yet hot enough, and stifling in the narrow ways of the city; and there were bright bonnets to be criticised, and acquaintances to be recognized, and familiar conversations touching the privatest family affairs to be held in brassy voices, between ladies and gentlemen standing in the street, and other ladies and gentlemen leaning on their elbows out of third-floor windows. And the talkers in the street planted themselves in any spot that came convenient, and remained there immovable, as regardless of the pressing throng of passers-by as a stubborn, broad-based stone in a stream is regardless of the rushing current. And the passers-by yielded as the water yields, and skirted round these obstructive groups, or—if the subject of their discourse struck them as peculiarly interesting—lingered a while to listen to their talk with a grave placidity, which might be characterized as good-humored, only that that word suggests somewhat of merriment to an English ear, and these people wore few smiles on their brown faces.

Then came a vision of an open space, with houses on the left hand, and on the right a steep incline covered with gravel, on the summit of which stood a vast palace (its façade seeming, at the first glance, somewhat low for its width), flanked by open arcades that advanced from the main body of the building and embraced two sides of the graveled space. These arcades were based on titanic blocks of rough stone, and under the shade of the arches a military band was making lively music, and a dense mass of citizens with their wives and families was listening to it, still with the same nonchalant placidity.

Onward through a very narrow street of gloomy, frowning, iron-barred stone palaces; across a quaint bridge with shops and houses on it, where the gems and gold in the jewelers' windows flashed brightly beneath the beetle-browed pent-house shutters; past an open arch making a gap in the line of buildings on the bridge, through which was seen a glimpse of gold and purple hills swimming in a haze of evening sunshine; along a stone quay with tall handsome houses on one hand, and on the other a deep wide trench more than half full of brownish sand, and with pools of water here and there, and a shrunk middle stream sluggishly crawling toward the sea, which stream was the classic Arno, nothing less!—past the end of another bridge, wide and handsome, at whose foot a dense crowd was assembled in a small piazzetta: some standing, some sitting on stone benches, some perched on the parapet overhanging the river, all watching the passers-by on foot or in vehicles; down another street which widened out into a considerable space and then contracted again, and where a tall column stood, and hackney-coaches were ranged hard by, and a vast old medieval palace—more like a fortress than a palace—heaved its bulk above the narrow ways behind and about it, like a giant raising his head and shoulders out of a pressing throng to breathe; and where a few elegantly-dressed gentlemen (rather attenuated about the legs, and unwholesome about the skin, and with a general vague air pervading them—though some were handsome, dark-eyed youngsters, too—of having not quite enough to eat and considerably too much to smoke) were lounging at the door of a club-house, utterly unlike any club-house known to the dwellers beyond the Straits of Dover, or perhaps nearer than that; and at last the carriage drew up suddenly with a mighty clatter at the door of a smart shop, all French mirrors and gilding, where fans were displayed for sale, and Paul descended nimbly, but decorously, from the box to hand "miladi" out.

All the sights that she had seen in her rapid drive were vividly impressed on Veronica's eyes, but she had not had time to give herself an account of them: to digest them, as it were, in her brain. She felt almost giddy as she alighted and entered the shop. But one circumstance had not escaped either her observation or her comprehension: the fact, namely, that her beauty and elegance had attracted much attention from the loungers at the club door. One man especially had gazed at her, like one enchanted, as her carriage whirled past.

She was looking at a bright glittering heap of fans on the counter, turning them over with a disdainful air, and pushing them away one by one with the tips of her gloves, when she became aware of a face looking furtively in through the spacious pane of the shop window. The face disappeared, and its owner walked away. Presently he repassed, glanced in again (when he did so, Veronica's quick eye recognized him as the man who had stared at her so admiringly in the street), and finally stopped and addressed Paul, who was standing in sentimental fashion at the shop door.

To Veronica's surprise, Paul answered him at once, touching his hat respectfully. She hastily chose a couple of fans, bade her maid pay for them and bring them to the carriage, and went to the door, where Paul was still so busily conversing with the stranger that he was not aware of her approach until she spoke to him.

At the sound of her voice he turned hastily, and the stranger took off his hat and bowed profoundly.

He was a well-looking, slender man, of about thirty. He had fine teeth, and bright dark eyes, which latter, however, seemed to elude yours like a picture badly hung, on which you can not get a good light, shift and strive as you will. It was not that he turned his glance aside either, for he seemed to look boldly enough at whoever addressed him, but the glittering eye could not be fathomed. He was prematurely bald about the forehead, but the back and sides of his head were sufficiently well covered with dark waving locks, and he wore a short beard and mustache of glossy black. His dress was of the latest fashion, and, although perhaps slightly brighter in color than an insular eye would deem fitting for masculine attire, was well chosen and perfectly made. He wore a glass in his eye, attached to a short black ribbon. And when he bowed the glass fell and dangled across his waistcoat.

"A thousand pardons, Madame," he said, speaking in French, but with a strong Italian accent; "I formerly had the honor of knowing Monsieur le Baron Gale, and just recognized his servant."

Veronica bowed, with an easy hauteur, which yet was not calculated to repulse the speaker. So at least he thought, for he ventured to press forward and offer the support of his arm to assist Veronica into her carriage. She touched it with the tips of her fingers as she got in. Paul stood holding the door open with a grave face.

"I was charmed to find that my good friend Gale had returned to Italy," said the gentleman, still standing bareheaded by the side of the carriage after Veronica was seated. "And," he added, "under such delightful circumstances. Paul tells me that he is in the Villa Chiari. I shall do myself the honor—if I may hope for your amiable permission—of paying my respects to my good Gale, my homage to Madame."

Veronica bowed, smiled very slightly, murmured some inarticulate word, and gave the signal to drive on, leaving the stranger, hat in hand, on the pavement. When she had driven some distance she asked Paul in English who that person was.

He was the Signor Cesare Barletti, dei Principi Barletti; not the head of the house; a younger brother. The Barletti were a Neapolitan family. The Prince Cesare had known Sir John at Naples. Oh yes; that was quite true. And Sir John had liked him to come and play piquet or écarté with him when he was laid up at his hotel, and could not go out. He (Paul) certainly thought that Sir John would like the prince to call and see him; otherwise Paul would have taken good care not to mention Sir John's present address. The Principe Cesare de' Barletti was not a Florentine; miladi understood—did she not?—that it was the renewal of old Florentine "relations" which Sir John objected to at present.

"Miladi" leaned back with an assumption of indifference and inattention while Paul spoke. But no syllable of what he said was lost upon her.

Barletti! Cesare de' Barletti! This man, then, was a cousin of her own! Her mother's father had been dei Principi, of the Princes Barletti.

Sir John knew and cared nothing about Veronica's mother. He in all probability had never heard Mrs. Levincourt's maiden name. But Veronica knew it well, and had nourished a secret pride in her Neapolitan ancestry.

That the man who had accosted her was her cousin did not much matter. But his intention of paying a visit to Villa Chiari mattered a great deal. It offered a hope of change and society. She had been a little surprised that Paul should have given him the address. But Paul had himself explained that. It was old Florentine acquaintances whom Sir John wished to shun. This man being a stranger in Tuscany might have the entrée to Villa Chiari. Doubtless Paul knew what he was about. If Sir John knew that Barletti was Veronica's cousin, would it make any difference in his reception of him? She mused upon the question until she reached the villa. It was quite evening. The sun had set behind the hills; but there was still a brightness in the sky. "Miladi" hastened to her own room to dress for dinner. She made a gorgeous toilet every day, finding a great deal of real pleasure in her fine clothes. The suspicion that this was a pleasure which some other person in her presence genuinely disdained, would have much imbittered her delight in the rich silks and gay jewels and fine lace. But such a mortification never befell her in Sir John Gale's company.

At dinner they talked of Cesare de' Barletti.

"Paul has told you, of course," said Veronica, "about the man who spoke to him, and afterward to me?"

"Oh yes—Barletti. Ah—yes; I knew him at Naples. Wonder what brings him here!"

"He said he would call."

"Not a doubt of it! He likes a good dinner and good wine; and he never gets either at his own expense."

"I should suppose that the Principe de' Barletti does not need to come to his acquaintances for food!" said Veronica.

Sir John burst into a grating laugh. "Bah!" he cried, "you are impayable with your Principe de' Barletti! The real prince and head of the family is poor enough. He lives nine months of every year in the third-floor of a mangy palazzo at Torre del Greco, in order to scrape together enough to spend the other three months in Paris. But this fellow is only *dei* principi—a younger son of a younger son. He has twopence a year, which he spends on shiny boots (I dare say he blacks them himself) and cheap gloves. But he plays a good game of piquet; and I found it worth while to let him come nearly every evening when I was once laid by the heels—or the toe, rather, for I got a confounded fit of the gout—in a beastly hotel at Naples. Of course *he* was very glad. It paid *him* capitally!"

Veronica's temper was chafed by this slighting mention of a Barletti. It vexed her. She knew that Sir John's coarse insolence was directed against this man in utter ignorance of the fact that he was in any degree connected with herself. Still it vexed her. But she had no intention of incurring the risk of ridicule for the sake of championing her newly-found relation. She had been considerably elated by the thought of being cousin to a prince; and proportionally depressed by the discovery that to be dei Principi Barletti was no guarantee of important position.

"Then you mean this man to come here?" asked Veronica.

"Mean him to come? Yes; if he makes himself amusing. If not, I shall give him his congé."

"If you feel that you want amusement why do you not go into Florence sometimes?"

"La bella idea! Go to Florence for amusement in June! There's nobody there; and if there were, it's much too hot to do any thing. Besides—no, no; we must get through the summer here as best we can. The dry heat suits me rather; especially on this hill where one gets plenty of air, even if it be hot air. In the autumn and winter we will move south. Meanwhile if Barletti drops in our way, so be it."

"Nobody in Florence?" replied Veronica, whose mind had been dwelling on those words. "It seemed to me that there were a great many carriages—"

"You did not go to the Cascine?" interrupted Sir John, quickly.

"No; I was too late. But I saw the people driving along the Lung' Arno."

She perfectly understood from Sir John's manner that he had given orders to Paul not to take her to the Cascine, and that he had felt a momentary suspicion that his orders had been disobeyed. The question presented itself to her mind, what would have been the result if Paul had yielded to her desire? But when she retired to her own apartment—which she did early—she lay awake for some time, occupying herself exclusively with another and very different problem, namely, which of her dresses she should put on to-morrow evening when Cesare de' Barletti might be expected to make his appearance at Villa Chiari.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE GARDEN.

"I WAS so delightfully astonished!"

"At seeing Paul? He does not usually produce ecstasy in the beholder. But 'tutti i gusti son gusti,' all tastes are tastes, as they say here."

"Pardon! no: not at the sight of Paul for Paul's sake, but—"

"But for mine?"

"For yours, caro mio. I had never heard that you were married; never."

"I wonder if he had," thought Sir John. "He says it so emphatically, that it is probably a lie."

"And the sight of miladi positively dazzled me! What eyes! What a grace! How beautiful!"

"Take another cup of coffee," said Sir John, dryly, interrupting the raptures of his companion. And yet the raptures did not altogether displease him.

Sir John Gale and the Principe Cesare de' Barletti were sitting together beneath the loggia on the western side of the Villa Chiari. The setting sun was flushing all the sky before them. They looked out on the garden, where, among the laurels and acacias, a white figure passed and repassed slowly.

The cracked scagliola pavement of the loggia was covered, where the two men sat, by a thick carpet. Foot-stools and cushions were there, too, in abundance. Between Sir John and his guest stood a little marble-topped table bearing coffee and wine. Sir John was half reclining in an easy-chair, with his legs stretched out before him, supported by cushions. Barletti sat in a rocking-chair, on which he swung slowly backward and forward. Both men were smoking.

"The coffee is not bad, eh?" said Sir John.

"It is very strong."

"Better than the stuff they give you at your caffè, isn't it?"

"Ma, si! Better no doubt. But very strong. I should like a little cold water, if I may have it."

Sir John rang a bell that stood on the table.

Before a servant could answer the summons Veronica approached. She had been strolling up and down the garden, and had just reached the spot in front of the loggia when the bell sounded.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"The Principe would like some cold water. He finds the coffee stronger than he is accustomed to."

There was an indefinable sneer in the tone in which Sir John pronounced these words. The words were innocent enough. But Veronica understood the tone, and it offended her.

"I dare say he does," she retorted. "It is made to suit our English taste, which likes strong flavors—some people would say, coarse flavors."

"Oh no!" protested Barletti, not having in the least understood either the sneer or the retort; "the flavor is very good indeed."

"There is some deliciously cold water always in the marble basin of the broken fountain yonder," said Veronica, impulsively. "Let us go and get some! It will be better than any the servants will bring."

The words were addressed to Cesare de' Barletti, who threw away his cigarette—with secret reluctance, by-the-way—and rose to follow "miladi."

She had taken up a goblet from the table and was running toward the fountain.

She had resolved to impress this stranger—already appreciative enough of her beauty—with her dignity, hauteur, and airs de grande dame. And on a sudden behold her skipping through the garden like a school-girl!

The first plan was too slow, and required too much phlegm and patience to carry out. Barletti took her queenly mood very much as a matter of course. She could not bear to be ten minutes in the society of a stranger without producing an *effect*. And, moreover, she required to see an immediate result. She was vain and arrogant, but not proud, and not stupid; so that she could neither disregard the opinion of the most contemptible persons, nor delude herself in the teeth of evidence with the dull, comfortable faith that she was being admired when she was not. And then came the irresistible craving to make a coup—to shine—to dazzle.

Sir John looked after her in surprised vexation. He remembered her having done similar things for *his* behoof; that had been very natural and laudable. But for a beggarly Neapolitan principino! Sir John felt himself defrauded. Had a pet animal approached him at the moment he would certainly have kicked it. As it was, all he could do to relieve his feelings was to swear at the frightened servant who answered the bell, for not coming sooner.

Cesare de' Barletti wondered much within himself that any human being should move more, or more quickly, than was absolutely necessary, on a hot June evening. He at first attributed Veronica's unexpected proceeding to that inexhaustible and incomprehensible cause, British eccentricity.

But when he rejoined her at the edge of the broken fountain, another solution presented itself to his mind. She had perhaps seized this opportunity of speaking to him out of sight and hearing of her husband. Why not? It was impossible that she could care a straw for that elderly roué. Very natural to have married him; he was so rich. Very natural also to admire the Principe Cesare de' Barletti, who was not eligible as a husband—as he very well knew, and very candidly acknowledged—but who was decidedly well-looking and well-born, and would make a very jewel of cavalieri serventi! There was but one circumstance which caused Cesare to hesitate before accepting this solution as final. Veronica was an Englishwoman! And really there was no judging Englishwomen by the rules that hold good in estimating the motives of the rest of the sex! And whosoever should suppose that this reflection implied in the Italian's mind any special respect or admiration for Englishwomen would have been very much mistaken.

Veronica filled the goblet at the fountain. The filling was a slow process, inasmuch as the water dripped sparely through the crevice before mentioned. While the drops of bright water were falling one by one into the glass, Veronica kept her eyes fixed on the latter, and her attention was apparently absorbed in watching it.

"I pray you not to give yourself the trouble to do that for me, Signora," said Barletti, bending forward, and offering to take the goblet.

She waved him back with her hand, and said, "I am watching to see how long it takes to fill the glass. The drops fall so regularly. Drip, drip, drip!"

He stood and looked at her. Now, at all events, he was not taking her behavior as a matter of course.

As soon as the water touched the brim of the glass, she relinquished it into Barletti's hands and walked away slowly, as though she had lost all interest in his further proceedings. The prince drank a long draught. He had no idea of not enjoying its delicious coolness because he was so puzzled by "miladi." When he had done he walked after her and overtook her.

"That was very fresh and pleasant," he said. "A thousand thanks."

"Eh?"

"The water was so good. A thousand—"

"Oh!"

"Decidedly," thought Barletti, glancing at the beautiful face beside him, "she is English, thoroughly English! Who is to make out such people?"

They found, on returning to the house, that Sir John had gone in. He was in the little salon, the servants said. Would il Signor Principe join him there?

Il Signor Principe complied with the request.

Veronica lingered in the loggia and looked out over the landscape. The sun had gone down. The brief twilight was nearly over. The trees stood out dark against the back-ground of pure sky, pale green near the horizon, and deepening toward the zenith to an intense dark blue. Not a leaf stirred in the breathless calm. There was no moon, but the heavens seemed to grow full of stars as the daylight faded. They quivered and shook with a liquid silvery lustre. And below on the earth sparkled and danced to and fro a thousand golden gleaming specks, threading a mazy pattern just above the crests of the ripening wheat. They were fire-flies. When one of the bright insects chanced to come near Veronica, she saw him glow and pale with a palpitating intermittent flame. And sometimes the whole field full of them appeared to shine and fade simultaneously, like the successive showers of sparks from a smithy fire that respond to the deep breath of the laboring bellows.

It was all as different as possible from Daneshire. And yet Veronica began to think of a certain summer night in Shipley long ago, when she and Maud were children together, and her mother had sat by an open window telling them stories of her Italian life. She remembered the black old yew-tree, only a little blacker than the cloudy, sultry, starless sky. She remembered the sound of her mother's voice, and Maud's dimly-seen little white face, and the touch of Maud's soft, warm, little hand, stroking her (Veronica's) hair in a sort of rhythmic accompaniment to Mrs. Levincourt's narrative. She did not think she had been very happy in those days. She pitied herself as she recalled some of them. Nevertheless their remembrance caused a vague yearning in her heart, and filled her eyes with tears. A conviction, which she tried to ignore, was in her mind. She did not fight against it by self-deluding arguments; she simply tried to avoid acknowledging its existence, as we turn away our eyes from a disagreeable object that we know to be lying in wait for us on a path whereby we must pass. But it was there; she knew it was there. And this conviction was, that she had given all and gained nothing—that she had been duped and defrauded.

She did not believe that what she aimed at would, if obtained, have turned to dust and ashes. And she knew she had not got what she aimed at. The horrible sense of the *irrevocableness* of the past came over her. The tears brimmed over and ran down her cheeks, and they brought no solace. They only humiliated, and made her angry.

A maid, going into one of the upper rooms to close the shutters for the night, looked out and saw "miladi" leaning, with folded arms, against a column at the end of the loggia, and apparently absorbed in watching the fire-flies.

It was an odd idea to stand there alone, when she might chat, and lounge on a sofa, and drink iced lemonade in the saloon! But gentlefolks were odd—especially foreign gentlefolks. And Beppina went down to the servants' quarters, not ill-contented with her own lot, and prepared to discuss her master and mistress, and to thank her stars—with a side glance at Ansano, the footman—that *she* was not tied to that "vecchio brontolone"—that grumbling old fellow, as she irreverently styled Sir John Gale.

Meanwhile Veronica, who never yielded herself long to any painful mental impression, returned to the house, and entered the saloon where Sir John and the prince were engaged over their game at piquet.

The room was brilliantly lighted, and dazzled her, coming from without. She felt more angry with her tears than ever, on becoming suddenly aware, as she entered the saloon, that her eyelids were swollen, and her eyes weak, and that they must be red and ugly.

"Oh," she cried, stopping short, and clasping her hands before her face, "what a glare! It blinds me!"

Sir John was too intent on his game to regard her. Cesare de' Barletti looked up, and fell instantly into a trance of admiration—for a costly diamond that glittered on Veronica's slender finger. He played a wrong card (as he afterward confessed, an *imbecile* card!) and was vanquished.

Sir John was pleased. So was Veronica. The former attributed the victory to his own skill, on which—as he played very ill—he valued himself. The latter had no doubt that her presence had agitated de' Barletti into forgetting his game. Barletti himself was well satisfied to have put his host into good-humor. The stakes for which they played were very trifling, and he thought the small sum he had lost not ill-invested.

"Will you have your revenge, prince?" asked Sir John, throwing himself back in the chair with a complacent smile.

Barletti shook his head, doubtfully.

"Aha! You show the white feather? Positively I did not think I should be able to tell one card from another, it is so long since I have played. You ought to have beaten me, you really ought. Ha, ha, ha!"

Veronica seated herself on a couch near the window. Her white dress was soft and flowing, and her black hair shone in its rich ripples, as she leaned her head against the dark velvet couch. Diamonds glittered on her neck and arms and hands, and trembled in her ears. There was no speck of color about her dress, and its pure whiteness enhanced the rich glow of her brunette complexion. She still shaded her eyes with one hand, complaining of the light.

Sir John, having finished his game, was full of solicitude for her. Should he have the candles removed to another part of the room? Would she like a screen? Had she caught cold, or what was it? Her eyes were usually so strong! Being now the central object of attraction, her spirits rose buoyantly. She coquetted and commanded, and made Sir John move and remove the wax tapers a dozen times before their position was satisfactory to her. At last he got tired, and rang for Paul to carry them away and bring a shaded lamp instead. Barletti looked on admiringly, and when, on the lamp being carried in, there appeared in its wake a tray with galantine, and chicken, and wine, and sweets (these English are such eaters!), *his* spirits rose too, and they were all three quite brilliant over the little impromptu supper. The conversation was carried on in French, Sir John not being able to speak Italian fluently. But suddenly Veronica addressed Barletti in Italian, and intensely enjoyed his admiring surprise at the purity of her accent.

"How admirably miladi speaks Italian!" he exclaimed, with enthusiasm.

"My mother was an Italian," said Veronica.

"Was she?" asked Sir John, carelessly. "Tiens! I never knew that. Or—stay—oh yes, to be sure! I think I remember hearing it mentioned."

"How distrait you are to-night!" said Veronica, with an assumption of tolerant good-humor."

Cesare Barletti took away in his brain three themes on which his thoughts, passions, and prejudices made endless variations, as he drove down the Avenue of the Poggio Imperiale. The first was: It is odd that a man should not know or remember who his wife's mother was! The second was: Miladi wanted to make it appear that Gale was speaking in preoccupation, or absence of mind; now, Gale is never "distrait;" it is not in his character. The third was: That handsome creature is not an Englishwoman, puro sangue! The fact of her having had an Italian mother brings her more into the category of human beings whose manners and development I understand. I wonder whether she was offended with me because I did not fall at her feet when we were in the garden together, or, at least, make some preparations for a future prostration of myself at her shrine!

On this last theme the variations were brilliant and inexhaustible.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IN an intensely Democratic county of California a number of teachers were being examined before the County Board for their certificates. The questions were printed, and the answers in writing. One of the questions in *history* required the teacher to "give a *brief* description of Sherman's march through Georgia." A Republican teacher wrote, in answer, "Like a dose of salts."

MATRIMONIAL.

Married people will please read as written, single ones can read the first line, then the third, and then the second, and finally the fourth in each verse.

That man must lead a happy life,
Who's freed from matrimonial chains;
Who is directed by his wife
Is sure to suffer for his sins.

Adam could find no solid peace,
When Eve was given for a mate—
Until he saw a woman's face,
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female face appears
Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride;
Truth, darling of a heart sincere,
Ne'er known in woman to reside.

What tongue is able to unfold
The falsehood that in woman dwells;
The worth in woman we behold
Is almost imperceptible.

Cursed be the foolish man, I say,
Who changes from his singleness;
Who will not yield to woman's sway,
Is sure of perfect blessedness.

Dr. Blunderbore says he is always making mistakes. He never opens his mouth but he is sure *to put his foot in it.*

HIS OTHER NAME.—"Boy, what is your name?" "Robert, Sir." "Yes, but I mean your other name." "Bob, Sir."

EFFECTIVE SCENE ON A FERRY-BOAT CROSSING A ROUGH RIVER AT DETROIT.—"Oh, Henry, this is terrible!" "Yes, it is," he responded; "but lean on me, and I will protect you." "Do you think it will be as rough as this all the way across?" "I do," responded Henry. "Then I guess I'll have to lean on you," returned the lady. "For life," whispered Henry, turning pale at the thought of refusal. "I—I—don't know—the water is aw—ful rough—I guess ye—yes—you'd better ask papa."

"Autumn," says a wag, "is the time to read big books, because that season turns the leaves."

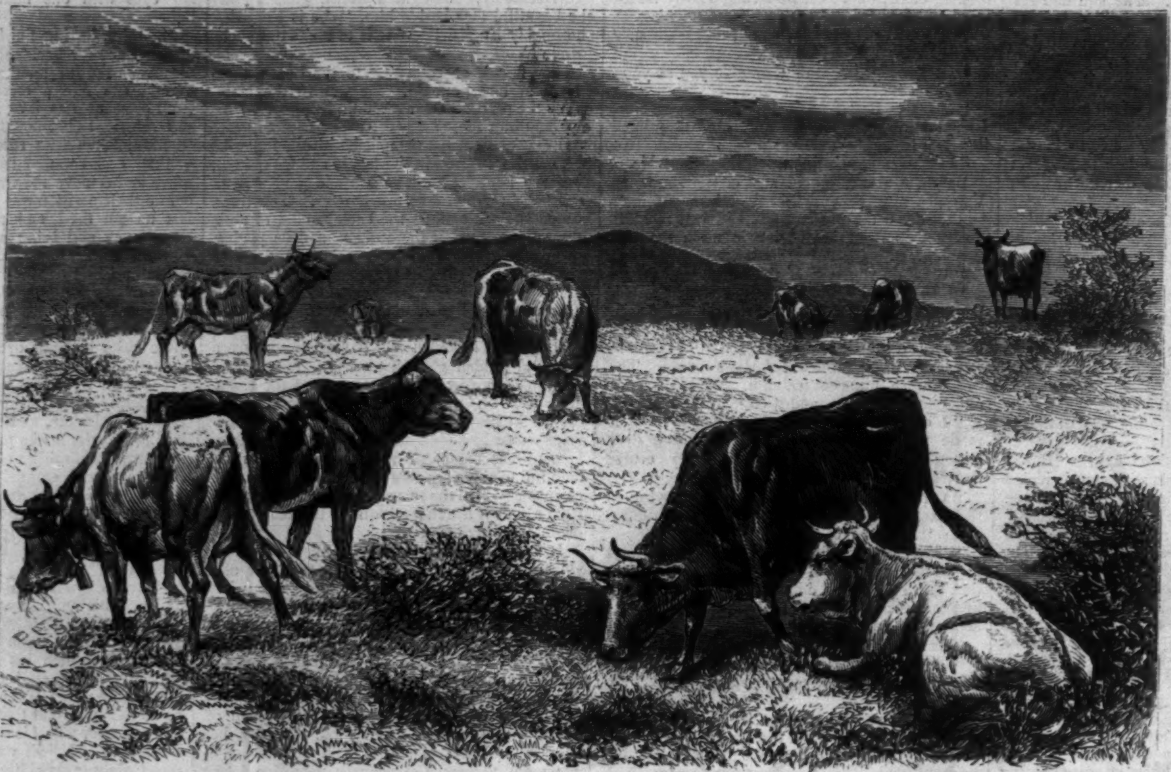
As a lawyer and a doctor were walking arm in arm a wag said to a friend, "These two are just equal to one highwayman." "Why?" was the response. "Because it is a lawyer and a doctor—your money or your life."

One day a poet read a new play before the Reading Committee of the French Comedy. It was unanimously refused. The poet went up to M. Samson, the well-known actor, and said to him, "I have a right to complain of you; you voted against my piece, and yet you slept all the time I was reading it." M. Samson wittily replied, "Sir, in literary matters sleep is an opinion."

"Hans, where was you born?" "On the Haldorbarrick." "What! always?" "Yaw! and before, too." "How old are you, then?" "When the old school-house is built, I was two weeks more nor a year, what ish painted red, as you go home mit your back behind you, on the right-hand side, by the old blacksmith-shop, what stands where it was burnt down next year will pe two weeks."

In Chicago husbands are said to be so fearful of curtain-lectures that they add to their announcement of future movements the letters "W. P.," which mean "wife permitting."

MILK, AND WHAT COMES OF IT.

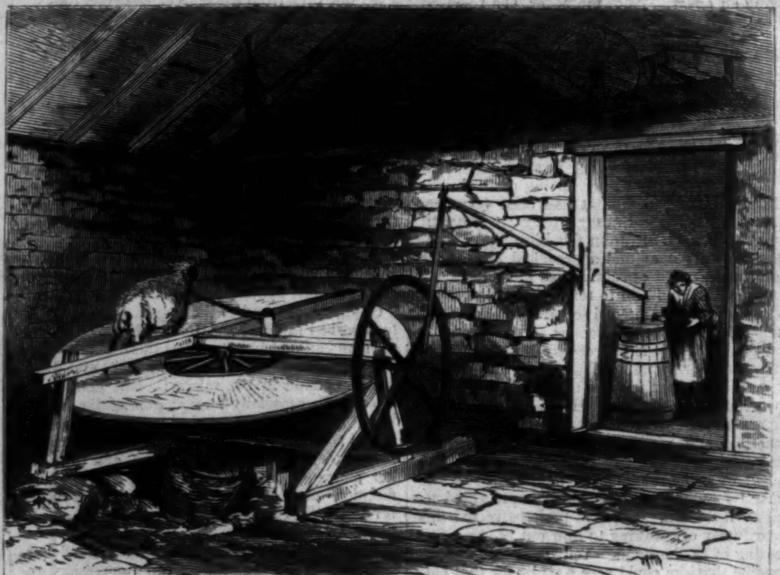


THE PASTURE.

ORANGE COUNTY has long been a land flowing with milk and—butter. Three or four of these most beautiful autumn days have been spent by us among the farms which are supposed to butter our New York city bread, and qualify our tea and coffee. Recent mechanical improvements have taken away much of the traditional romance of the farm, but, on the whole, the loss is more than made up by the gain of perfect system and wonderful adaptation. Instead of four or five cows, known by such names as Brindle, Bess, and Sukey, milked by rosy-cheeked maidens, we have now droves of fifty or a hundred, milked by men, who know them only as "good" or "poor milkers." In some fine farms a large and luxuriant pasture, with running brooks and border of woodland, affords, with the herd feeding in it, a beautiful picture; and the substantial barns constructed to keep the cattle comfortably cool in summer and warm in winter, with ample drinking troughs and stalls for fastening up at night, are indicative of the good shelter at hand when winter storms drive the cows indoors. To the farm-yards the cows are brought night and morning, in summer, to be milked. The strained milk is put into large cans holding forty quarts, such as the milkmen use in distributing it through the city. These cans are then put into tanks made in some cool running stream, where the water comes nearly to the top of the can. Frequent stirring is necessary until the animal heat is quite gone. The milk is then fit to be sent to the cars. This process can never safely be omitted; for, paradoxical though it may seem, milk is "fresher" and sweeter when it reaches the consumer if it is delayed at the farm for at least twelve hours. Even in hot weather, it is more certain to keep sweet when twenty-four or thirty-six hours elapse between the milking and the using in the city. There has been much discussion as to the best means of cooling milk for market, and patent pails have been tried in which the milk passes directly from the cow through small, coiled tubes surrounded by ice. But this rapid cooling does not work well, and practical experience indicates that the old and simpler process is the best. Every well-appointed farm must have, therefore, a cool and unfailing stream of water. There are two such streams in one of the farms we visited. One passes through the barn, furnishing drinking-troughs for the cattle, and a tank for cooling milk in winter. The other, running through the pasture, supplies a trout-breeding pond, and furnishes a tank for summer use. In a little hut under the trees, the milk-cans are kept in a stream which even the severe drought of last summer did not dry, nor the heat raise to a temperature of 60°.

We are assured most positively that none of the spring-water finds its way *over* the mouth of the can into the milk. Its dilution, of which there is so much just complaint, must be done, if at all, in the city, for the wholesale buyer is said to have such means of testing the milk as effectually protects him against the farmer. May the man be busy at work who is to give each family such a protection! We have heard it said that one end of a small piece of common tape placed in a pan of milk will carry from it all the water into another vessel in which the other end of the tape should be placed; but we have never found this a safe test.

Strange to say, no butter is made on these large milk farms. The supply for the family is obtained from market, or, more rarely, from a neighbor who churns all his milk for the accommodation of those who send all theirs to the city. Our notions of the way to make butter were decidedly overturned on going to such a dairy. No setting of the milk in shallow pans for cream to rise; no skimming and putting away in jars until "churning day," when the thick cream was agitated by a strong arm until the butter came, then worked and salted. Instead, there is a daily pouring of the unskimmed, soured milk into a common churn, perhaps somewhat larger than ordinary. The dasher is fastened to a shaft, which is moved by a crank. The crank is turned by means of a nearly horizontal wheel some eight or ten feet in diameter, which is kept in motion by a dog, sheep, or calf standing on it, something after the manner of the old tread-mill.



THE DOG CHURN.

When taken from the churn, the butter is worked by hand, as of old. The farmer with whom we talked said he was about determined to send his milk to the creamery, since butter-making made it so hard for the women. Surely woman is less a drudge than she used to be. If, after being relieved from the labor of *churning*, the remaining working of the butter is considered too hard for the farmer's wife, the day of woman's redemption must be near at hand.

Only one butter farm have we been able to find, and not enough is made there to supply the immediate neighborhood. Where, then, does all the Orange County butter come from?—Mostly from the West. Farmers buy from the vicinity of the Alleghanies, and even further West, large quantities, which they sell in the original packages or repack in pails. Since railroads have become so numerous, New York drinks up all the milk in Orange County, and must butter her bread elsewhere.

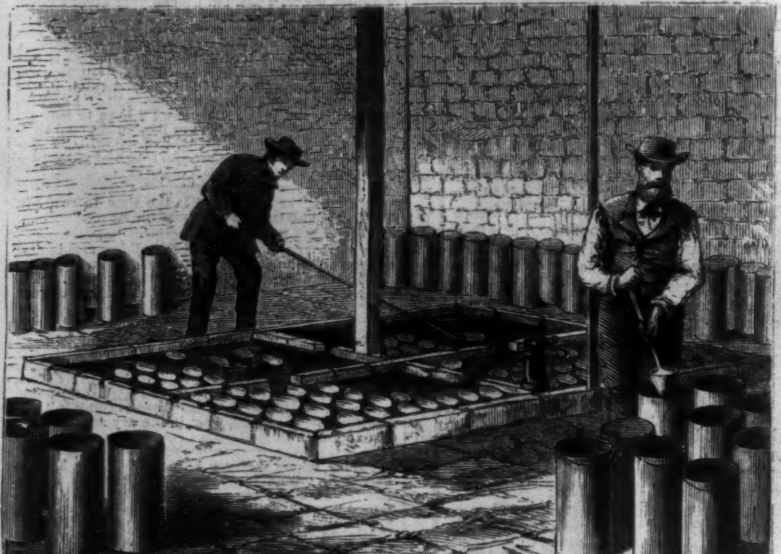
The largest institution for the disposition of milk is the Creamery, which is, in other words, a cheese factory. Here is brought the milk which the farmers themselves are unable properly to prepare for market, for want of cool springs or sufficient help. Received here, it is placed in deep but narrow tin pails holding twelve or fourteen quarts. These are floated in large tanks of water. Such a one as our picture shows holds some four hundred pails. From these pails the cream is carefully taken and sent to market. The skimmed milk is then placed in a large vat and heated, by means of steam-pipes, to about 80°. Then the rennet is put in. From twenty to thirty minutes suffices for curdling, and the mass is then stirred to separate the curd from the whey. After which it is heated still more; and then the whey, passing off through a strainer, goes to feed hogs, while the curd remains in the vat, to be salted and worked before putting into the presses. In two or three hours the curds become hard enough for the canvas to be put upon them, and a few hours more in the presses make them ready for the shelves. Very carefully they must then be watched, lest the fly lying in wait for them makes in them a snug house for her family. Greasing and turning must be a daily labor, and some weeks must pass before they are sufficiently cured for market.

For the benefit of city consumers, who are paying ten and twelve cents a quart for milk, from a tenth to a quarter of which is not infrequently pure Croton, we may add that the highest price the farmer ever gets for his milk is seven cents a quart; and he sometimes sells it for as low as two cents and a half. Our friends, the milkmen, have, therefore, it will be seen, a pretty good margin for freight and profit.

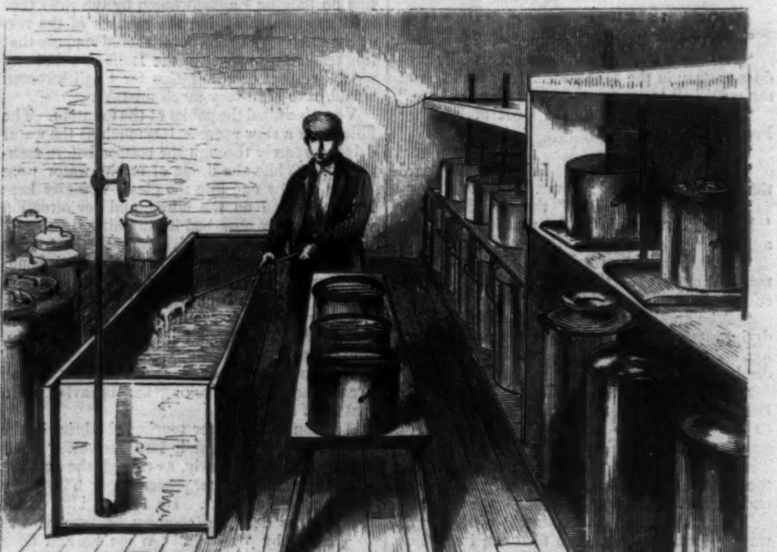
BRINGING TOBACCO TO MARKET

IN VIRGINIA FORTY YEARS AGO.

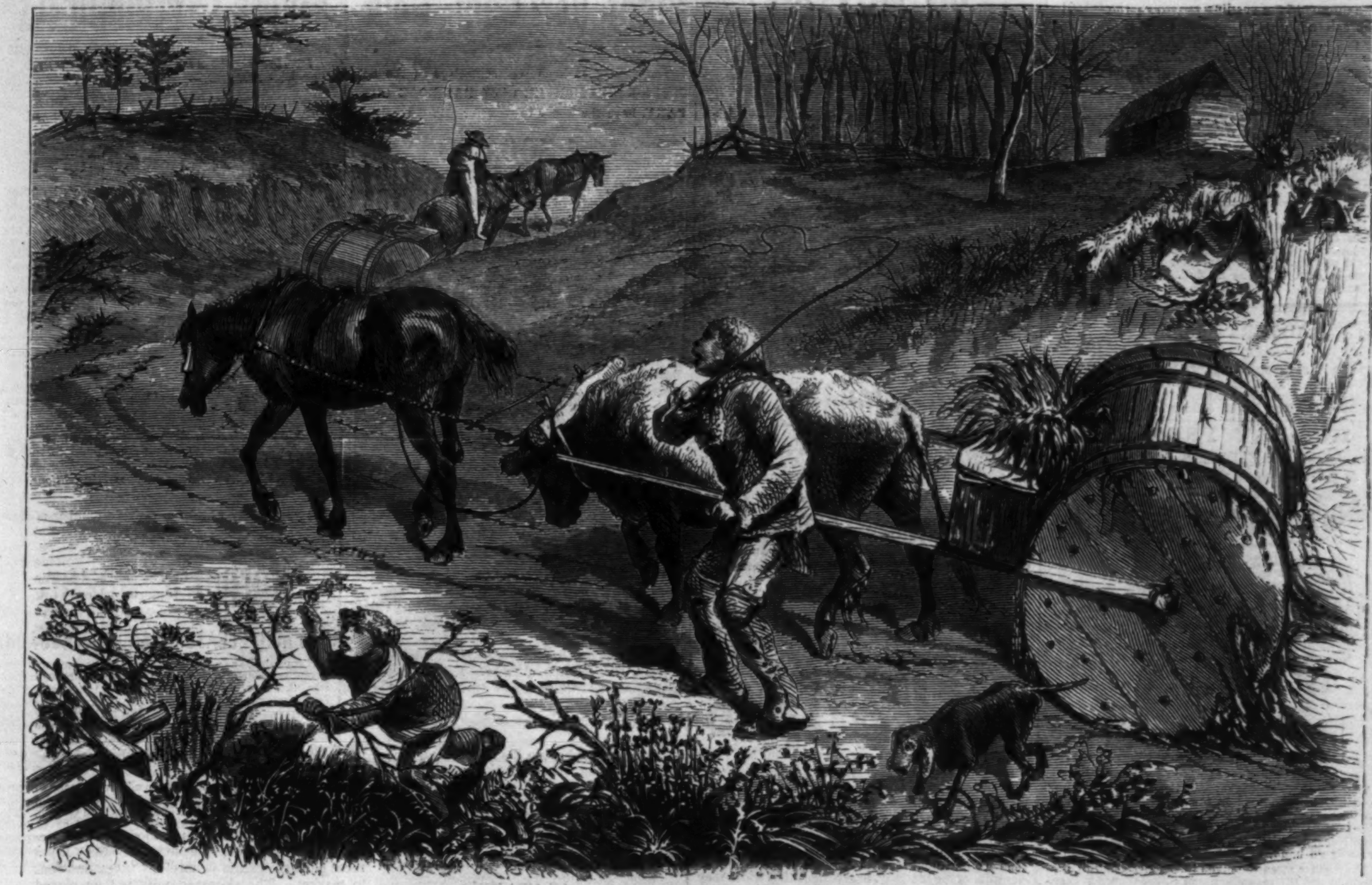
THE mode of transportation illustrated on page 797 was almost universally in vogue among the tobacco planters of Virginia within a comparatively short period, viz., up to the introduction of railroads into that State. A pair of rough wheels, composed of heavy planks battened together, sawed round, and exceeding the hogs-



TANK FOR COOLING MILK.

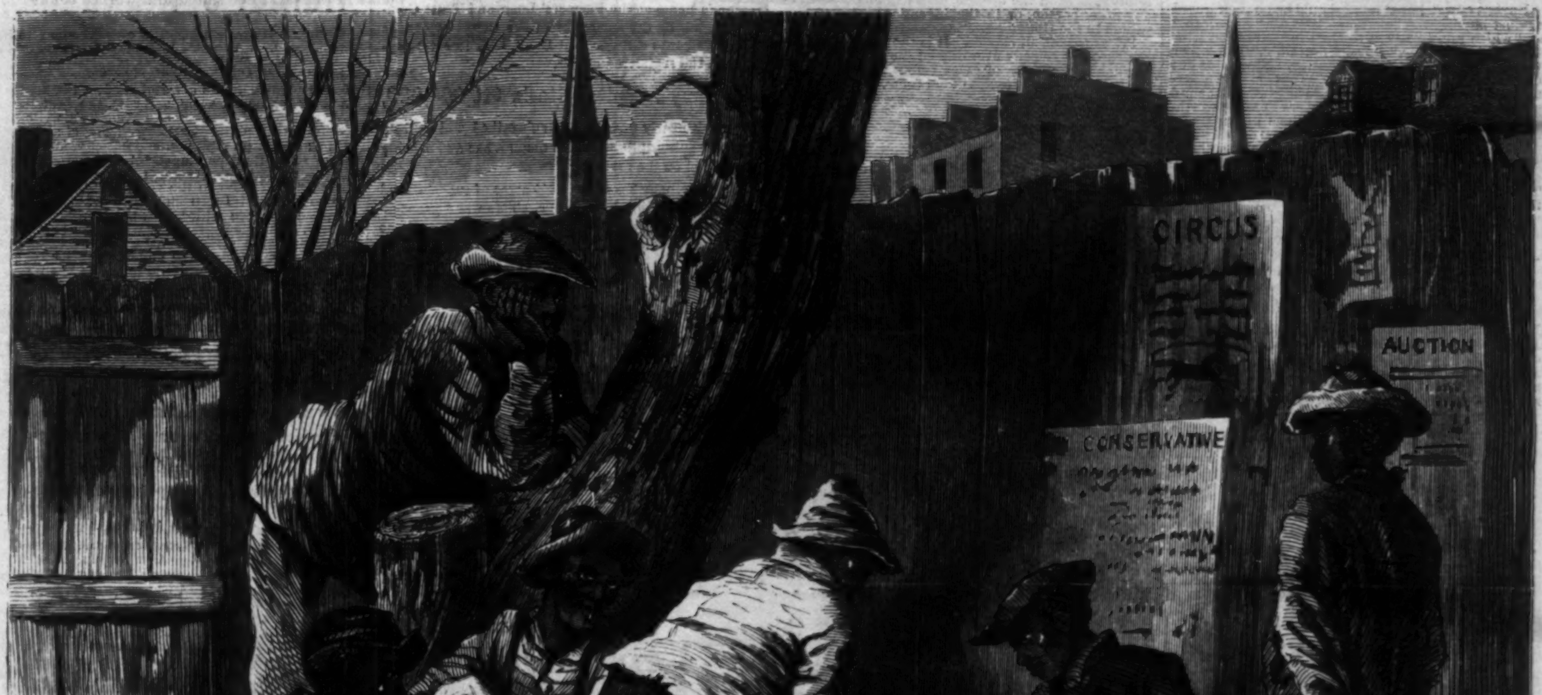


TAKING THE CURD FROM THE VAT.



PRIMITIVE MODE OF BRINGING TOBACCO TO MARKET IN VIRGINIA FORTY YEARS AGO.—DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 796.]

head of tobacco two feet or thereabout in diameter, were firmly pinned to the heads of the hogshead, the pins running through into the tobacco. An axle, not running entirely through, nor properly an axle, as the wheel did not revolve upon it, projected on each side, and formed an attachment for the shafts; the box in front across the shafts was to carry provisions and forage. This rude means of transport was called "Rolling tobacco." A steer and horse hitched "tandem," as shown in the sketch, were frequently the "team." The darkey in coon-skin cap and woolen mittens cracks his whip at the straining animals; his small companion gathers a lingering persimmon (or "simmon," as he would call it) from a sapling; the harehound, who has fol-



NEGRO BOYS PLAYING MARBLES—A STREET SCENE IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

lowed his sable master from home, is awakened for a moment by a rustling sparrow; the "Roller" creaks and groans—and thus, within the memory of thousands now living in Eastern Virginia, the "cheering weed" was trundled to market, bespattered and unsightly.

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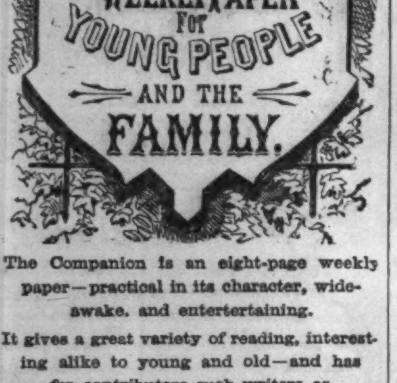

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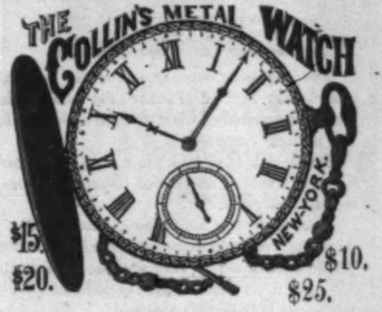

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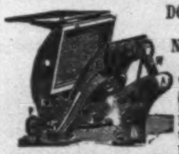

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